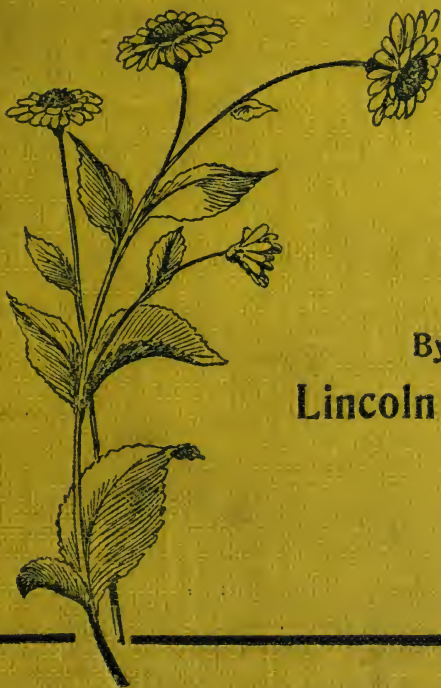


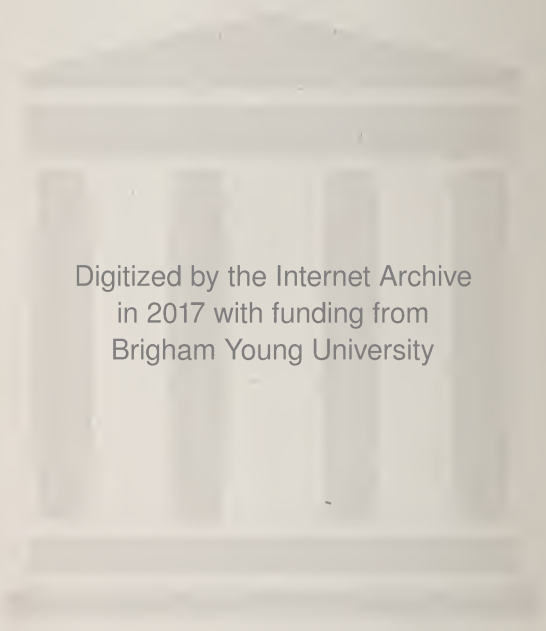
THE DRAMAS OF KANSAS



By
Lincoln Phifer

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THE DRAMAS *of* KANSAS

By
LINCOLN PHIFER



Price, One Dollar
Postpaid

Address, LINCOLN PHIFER, Girard, Kansas

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JOHN F. HIGGINS
PRINTER AND BINDER



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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Always for Kansas

DEDICATION.

Sister Atlanta, this is to you.
You took such interest in all I did
When you were by my side, I feel you still,
Looking from the azure galleries,
Witness the greater dramas of the world
With an appreciation of the passions
(Those mightiest actors) in the commonplace
Working a splendid theme to rightful issue.
This is to you, to whom the world's a stage.

THIS IS WHY.

Some may not consider this poetry. I don't care. A Kansan has a right to see and say things differently from others. If I spoke as others, there would be no sufficient reason why I should speak at all.

This book is in a style so different from the conventional that it will be judged as either foolish or revolutionary, depending on how much imagination the reader may possess; but Kansans, as I show in the book, have always had large visions, and I do not hesitate to make my appeal to them.

The treatment of this book is a revolt against word juggling and the tinkling of verbal cymbals so commonly received as poetry, and on the other hand, an assumption that all the people are poets, and need only such simple expression as they can understand and see through, to the vision behind it, to enable them to develop the gift that is next to religion in dignity and comfort.

The preparation of the book is predicated on the following ideas: 1. Poetry is never in words

but always in visions that the words may inspire in the reader; therefore simile and metaphor, jingle and juggle, are no necessary part of poetry. 2. When all poetry was lyrical, for song or chant, rhyme was a proper form for poetry to wear; but now that most poetry is read, not aloud but silently, there is little need for rhyme or even alliteration, except in songs and hymns; and that form is best which, while preserving the meter that makes the step easy, and a certain elegance of expression suited to appeal to psychic senses, so closely resembles prose as to be naturally read. 3. People like poetry as much as they ever did; the reason it is supposed to be a decadent art, and made the subject of jest, is that it has been assigned to a poetry-making class and cut to meet the need of unimaginative editors, with the result that it has become mere polishing of words rather than an appeal to the imagination of the many. 4. Overdressing of verse, so as to cause the reader to consider the words and phrases, rather than the subject matter, is as vulgar as that overdressing of people which calls attention to the clothing rather than quietly bringing out the individual's character. 5. Poetry is not in words or form; though, like religion, it is expressed in words and forms. It is in the mind and sentiment of

the reader. The bigger the theme, therefore, the greater is likely to be the poem. Great racial movements that bring with them tremendous action have from the beginning been the themes of the great poems—from the Iliad to the Divine Comedy, from the Hebrew Chronicles to Shakespeare's Caesar. 6. There is in racial movements the same completion of cycles that there is in the development of vegetable or individual human life; and he who brings the people to understand the unity and fullness of these actions has awakened the mind to a fact that is the very basis of poetry. But because the fancy of the people, that lies at the root of national art, has been smothered, at first one must make the general proposition so simple as to be clear, even at the sacrifice of detail that might at this time becloud the wider view. 7. Since poetry is always mental and psychic, just as religion is, much should always be left to the imagination of the reader. If it is not, he is cheated out of the development of the poetic instinct that is in him and in all. All people will not be able to catch the mental pictures suggested by words with equal felicity, but this does not argue that each should not be given chance for the display of such fancy as he may possess. If in crude, big generalities a

man or woman is able to see many pictures that are suggested by them, then in these Dramas of Kansas will be found the truest of poetry.

But the poetry is first in actual action and second in the reproduction of that action on the thought of the reader. The more part he has in it, the better for him. The bible told of the creation in a few sticksfull of matter; but the poetry behind it has never been exhausted. These I present are large pictures, outdoor scenes, in outline only. I hold that as the whole of America has been subjected to the Northeast, and in particular to New York City, in a financial way, so it has also been made slavish in a literary way by the dominance of the Northeast. As proof of this I quote two paragraphs from the New York World of October 18, 1914:

The land within the boundaries of New York city is assessed at \$7,800,180,532—it is worth \$10,000,000,000. It is more than the assessed valuation of all the states west of the Mississippi river.

Of all the printed publications in the United States, New York city turns out one-fourth.

While this great machine may draw writers from all sections, as it draws wealth from the veins of all the nation, all must conform to the rules laid down by New York. Publications

outside the city follow New York's style. Poetry must be of a certain length, and nearly always in rhyme; the story, the sketch, the special article must be as New York editors declare, both as to length and manner of treatment. Just as the nation has become subjugated financially, so its expression in art and literature is also cramped by chains fastened on us by New York City, and poisoned by erotics from the overflowing flood from Europe.

Don't imagine I expect to change this. This book is a protest. It is a call to Kansans to lead a revolt against the domination of the big city, as it once led the revolt against the arrogance of a mastering south. But unless Kansas responds I can do nothing. And when response comes, if the old Kansas be yet alive, it may not adopt this form—I would not bind to my forms any more than I would have it bound to other forms—and it may sweep far beyond what I have outlined. I merely call to Kansas. I merely believe that, as the art of acting has been revolutionized by great shadows and tremendous pictures that do not speak, the time is ripe for freeing literature from old conventions and erotic philosophy and turning it to mental visions of the wholesome type, of great outdoor

actions. It is mine to utter the cry, and yours to respond.

If Kansas has done things in a big and startling way, it is not because Kansans were freaks. Rather, it is because they, better perhaps than any people in the world, caught the psychology of the occasion. The whole American people, being in a big place, like the spectacular; if they had not liked it, all efforts of Kansas to interest them in big things done in odd ways would have been wasted. Beside, this is an age of salesmanship, and advertising belongs to it. Kansas advertised. If I have caught the large facts and presented them to the reader so he shall in his imagination see the mighty dramas enacted on the stage of Kansas, then I shall have brought poetry to him, and shall be content, even though critics may cavil that my form of words does not conform to the standards they have arbitrarily and foolishly adopted.

LINCOLN PHIFER.

KANSAS A STAGE.

Kansas is a stage set in the midst
Of the United States. It eastward slopes
From the high mountain chain of Colorado,
Which forms a fitting background; in the center
A city on a hill; at th' left front
A mighty river with its sylvan scenes;
As if prepared and set to give the world,
Eastward, view of great dramas. There is not
A state in all the union that has staged
So many social tragedies. They were
Made up and played without rehearsal; still
They have all elements the great play has,
In costuming, in beauteous scenery,
In odd types, and in humor 'mid the pathos
Of great performance. Never was a time,
Never a place, that staged such splendid dramas,
One after th' other, as did the state of Kansas.
Never were actors greater than appeared
Upon this stage, in action that meant more
For all humanity.

THE DRAMAS OF KANSAS.

THE MAKING OF KANSAS.

They who have looked th' world in th' mouth
declare

Nature spent several hundred thousand years
In building Kansas as a theatre
And putting bulky actors on the stage,
Preparatory toward a higher drama,
Before she turned it, finished, to white people,
For them to act their parts.

I.

There was a plain
West-sloping to the ocean, which then surged
Where now the Rockies tower. In that age
Lizards and footed serpents, huge of bulk
And shapeless as their names, fought in the
waves
Or crawled upon the land. The mastodon
Ranged through the mosses that were high as
trees
Where latterly the ponies loped. Above,
In th' warm, foggy sky, vast quadrupeds
Flapped, seeking prey. How many tragedies

There were enacted by these awkward shapes
No man can know; but bones have been discovered

That tell in part the stories. Through what years
The clangor of the tumbling creatures stirred
The ears of watchers in the leering Heavens
There's no one who can say; but there are marks
In the coal measures that are records made
Of that grand but dissonant opera.

II.

Then the earth's axis slipped. A new
Drama of desolation poured upon
The stage of Kansas. From the north there
rolled

A glacial drift of grinding ice which changed
The torrid zone to frigid in a day.
The mighty beasts were 'whelmed. Towering
mosses

Were clogged and beat beneath the swell, until
They turned to coal, with here and there a pool
Of oil, blood of the former age. As crashed
The arctic floes, mountains of ice heaped up,
Forming a new slope, southward; but the tide
Halted at the southern boundary
Of what is now the Kansas territory.
No one can say just why it should be so,
Unless it be that nature had design.

Even in her crude, destructive work.
Ages of glitter and of flashing lights
Passed in a spectacle sublime for such
As may have from the Heavens gazed on them;
And through those ages, as the sun came out,
The ice fields melted, forming a new lake
Where now is Oklahoma; and the streams
That were the great originals of what
Are now Missouri and the Mississippi
Turned south, where once the tendency had
 been
Westward to flow.

III.

Another period came.
There were upheavals in the west. The Rockies
Spouted and thundered, red with flame and black
With smoke, and, sputtering from the sea,
Lifted their tousled heads. Year after year
The fires glowed where once the ice had flashed,
And year by year the ridge grew ruggeded,
Until it towered over the Ozarks,
Those older eastern hills. The slope was such
The new stage for the drama of the world
Built 'mid the beating of the universal
Hammers upon the rocks, with wildly great,
Dramatic scenes, sloped eastwardly as once
West it had tended, and then south. The mouths

Of nature's furnaces at last were closed,
And in the granite there were locked great stores
Of minerals, designed to aid the action
For later dramas. Only fancy now
Can penetrate the mists of that old world
And picture it. I see it, and you may,
Not in these words or any form of words,
But as in air, in action most sublime.

IV.

The framework of the splendid stage on which
Creative Force intended there should be
Enacted dramas by his little children
Was now complete. On the original
Slope it had made were stored the properties
Of oil and coal; and on the second slope
Flowed wide streams that might heal in later
days

The deserts that were left when fire flamed
From chimneys of the Rockies. Now the Force
Controlling things brought winds that swept
away

The clouds of smoke that hung about, and cooled
The glowing surface; even when the white man
Appeared in Kansas sometimes still there blew
These strange gusts like a memory of the past.
Verdure was sent to carpet with its grass
The stage for future use.

V.

Then came the pastorals
For entertainment of the Infinite
Before he gave the stage to man. There were
Great herds of bisons; long horns dotting over
The hills and dales; and ponies prancing through
The lawns that nature made. Whence they had
come

Man has not guessed; for in no other place
Has there been such a strange phenomenon.
They seem to 've been created for this place.
And when the Maker wearied of the fields
On which the peaceful creatures fed, there came
Red hunters, whence men know not; perhaps they
Were separately made in Kansas for the work
Of entertaining Him who ever lives,
Spreading from Kansas eastward. Through long
years

These lived their simple lives and fascinated
No doubt the watchers from the Heavens as now
The thought of them attracts us.

Then, the stage
Being fully ready for the larger dramas
That had the world for witness and as actors
All races and all characters, th' curtain fell
On the original drama, as the light appeared
Around the *Santa Maria* that rose in ocean
Like a great sun, as signal for the new.

QUIVERA.

I.

Before the white man came, what now is Kansas
Contained two Indian states. The western half
Was occupied by a fierce people known
As Kansa. In the eastern section lived
Quiveras, in a state they called Quivera.
Tradition says these came originally
From th' Wabash region, being driven west
By fiercer tribes. They were industrious,
Within the valleys raising corn and beans
And pumpkins; building winter lodges
Thatched with the prairie grass; tanning the
hides
Of buffaloes for clothing for the winters;
And from the furs preparing beds and covers.
Over the Kaw trail they wandered south
In winter, seeking game; the lines of ponies,
Dragging the tepee poles and loaded on
With furs and small papposes. They took
their pelts
As far as Florida, and traded them
For corn and melons and the tropical fruits.
They had such cities that the fame of them
Extended to the sea on every side.
In one, tradition said, gold was so plenty

It lay in billets on the street. The lure
Of old Quivera led DeSoto forth
From Florida and tempted oft the Spaniards
Of Mexico. The people lived in peace,
With a republic such as latterly
Tecumseh dreamed of, such as Mexico
And Peru did not have, or any people
Of aboriginal America
Save the Quiverans only. It was much
What white men in a later day established
Over the territorial United States.

II.

To give equipment for an expedition
To find Quivera, Spain and Mexico
Combined and made themselves poor. Not a
tenth
As much was given to Columbus when
He set forth to discover all this land
As now was lavished to locate Quivera.
The mounted cavaliers, the infantry,
And Indian allies of Don Coronado
Proudly were reviewed with ceremonies
Glorious for the new world ere they took
The unknown trail. It has been related
That to maintain their course one shot an arrow
That stuck into the ground, and ere 'twas
reached

Another arrow shot in line of it
Showed course to follow; while each day one
 man,
Commissioned each in turn to do the work,
Counted his steps to measure distances.
They wandered wearily for weeks and months,
Passing a painful winter in their search,
And then suspected that their Indian guide,
A slave of the Pueblos, known as Turk,
Was for a purpose leading them astray.
They put the man in chains and then pressed on.
They crossed Arkansas river, which they said
Was a good substitute for milk, then found
Quiveras, being well received by them.
But they discovered that the treacherous Turk
Plotted with the red men to destroy
Th' invading Spaniards, and they strangled him.
For twenty days did Coronado stay,
Exploring the new land and making maps
That afterward were burned as so much trash
In Santa Fe; then turned on toward the south
And two years after he had proudly marched
Away to find the land of gold, returning
To Mexico, his ragged, wayworn comrades
Deserted one by one to seek their homes,
Leaving a poor remnant to report
And bring disgrace where he had hoped for
 honors.

III.

Frey Juan de Padilla, who had made
The march with Coronado, the next spring
With a small company retraced his steps,
Driving a few sheep as they trudged along,
Until they came to the Quiveran people
And reached their capital. He set a mission
And taught the Indians for several years.
Then, 'gainst the wishes of his followers,
He westward pushed to bear his well-loved gospel
Into Harahey.* On the road he met
A band of savages, and sent his men
Back with the horses while he stopped to greet
 them,
Kneeling. Pierced by a score of arrows, fell
Kansas' first martyr; and his dusky slayers
Heaped over him a pile of stones.

IV.

Four score

Years after this the Mexicans again
Fitted an expedition to possess
Quivera. Heading four hundred men,
With eighty loaded wagons, driving cattle
And bearing seeds for culture, Governor Onate
Set out and reached New Mexico; there he
Founded a colony. Though some deserted,

*Harahey—Name of the Kansa state.

The cavalcade of sturdy cavaliers
Pushed north and east. There hostile Indians
met them,
And, so the somewhat boastful record states,
Two thousand savages died in two contests
Without the loss of any of the Spaniards.
Some of these Indians had gold about them.
Captain Bonilla then, against the orders
Of his superior, with several men,
Set west to find the gold mines. It is said
They spent the summer mining and secured
Great stores of wealth, with which they were
returning,
When, as they slept, the Indians fired the grass
On every side, and rained their arrows through
The fire and smoke till the adventurers
Had perished to a man. Onate remained,
Exploring all the eastern half of Kansas,
Being much pleased with the Quiveran state
And people. But ere long there came to him
Disquieting news from Santa Fe. He turned
Back to New Mexico to find his planting
Plucked up and gone.

V.

Two centuries elapsed.
Although the Spaniards out of Mexico

And French from old St. Louis often planned
To reach out to Quivera, there was not
A further expedition till Napoleon
Had sold to the Americans the land
West of the Mississippi. Meantime the Kansa
Horde had attacked the peaceful people often,
Roused them to martial prowess, and so mingled
With the Quiverans that henceforth the nation
Was called the Pawnee republic. Through it all,
So pleasant was the memory of Padilla,
That still the Spanish flag that he had planted
Within the mission lay, though stained and
tattered.

Desiring to know the country bought,
Your Uncle Samuel sent Zebulon Pike,
Not only to explore, but to make peace
With Indians of the west. Next of the white man
He came upon the people of Quivera.
He met with them in council. When he told
Of the republic that included theirs,
An aged man arose, went to the door,
Brought forth the Spanish flag and laid it down
At feet of Pike; then took the stars and stripes
And lifted them to wave above Quivera.

A FORGOTTEN TRAGEDY.

That Spain and France should struggle for the
land
Now known as Kansas through long centuries,
And both should lose, while a conglomerate
people
Came to possession of the coveted prize,
Forms basis of a tragedy as great
As Shakespeare ever wrote, though near for-
gotten.

I.

In 1723 a Captain Bourgmont
Who had seen service in old Louisiana,
Working from St. Louis, went to France
And told the king the story of the aim
Of Spain to capture territory lying
North of the Mexican country. He recited
How Coronado, lured by tales of cities
Whose public buildings had been tiled with gold,
Came with his soldiery two centuries
Before, and ever since that day, the Spaniard
Had dreamed of great dominions in the north.
He told of Peter de Vallazus, who

But recently had pushed up over Indian trails
From Santa Fe, and been lost in the desert.
All this, he argued, proved that Spain designed
To capture Louisiana if the French
Did not in some way strengthen their frontier.
The king was so impressed, he sent the captain
Back to America to buy the land
From Indians, and promised him when he
Returned with treaties that would show them
 friends
And brought him chiefs to prove what he had
 done,
The Captain should become le Sieur de Bourg-
 mont
And be rewarded with a noble wife
And rich possessions. As second scene, behold
The doughty captain in a post established
On the frontier, by the Missouri river,
Planning to push to Kansas to make treaty
With the Paducah Indians.

II.

At Fort Orleans

The daughter of a chief of the Missouris
Attracted him, and, thinking that she might
Aid in the work ahead, the courtly captain
Made violent love to her. He won her heart,

And she became his mistress, though believing,
In the simplicity of Indian ways,
That she was wife. Here in the wilderness,
'Mid many sylvan scenes, the second act,
In which the trusting woman yielded all
To soldierly craftiness, was made a theme
Fit to attract attention of the world.

III.

The third act was a triumph. Captain Bour-
mont,
Accompanied by his very charming mistress
Who thought herself his wife, and by her tribe,
Pushed to the Little Blue, and then crossed over,
Entering the land that now is known as Kansas.
Through love's persuasion on a woman's lips
The Kansa and Osages smoked with him
The calumet. Through stretching prairies, full
Of Indians and buffaloes he passed, and made
Treaties with many tribes. It was as though
He were an honorable guest, a brother,
By reason of his marriage with the woman.
Then he fell ill; and for a fortnight she
Who deemed herself a wife nursed him with
sweet,
Gentle solicitude. When he recovered,

Because he wished it, Indians went with him
To be exhibited in France before
The great king of the east, and as they started
A dozen tribes attended to the river,
In honorable convoyance.

IV.

Once in France
They were received in pomp, and famous men
And beautiful women in their smart array
Came forth to meet the people of a land
So different from theirs. Night after night,
Day after day, the Indians received
Honors and great attention. She who came
She thought as wife was made recipient
Of special honor. Then the king fulfilled
His promise to the captain. He was given
Title and land and bride, and Sieur de Bourg-
mont
Became a noble. There was instantly
A change in his demeanor. He informed
The Indian woman that she was not wed,
And brusquely told her to return to where
The ways were suited to her ignorance.
Shocked and prostrated, she informed the chiefs,
And they, being threatened when they made
protest

Took her on shipboard, when the vessel offered
To bear them back, and sailed for western
shores.

V.

In spirit crushed she came back to the land
Of the Missouris, and the various chiefs
Returned to their own tribes. One loses here
The wormwood in the heart of this poor woman,
Her shame and agony, and how the chiefs
Told story of the wrong that had been done,
And how it roused the tribesmen. There re-
mains

Only the fact that on a certain night
The fort that had been planted by the captain
Was captured by amalgamated tribes,
Its garrison destroyed, and it burned down.
This was the climax of the tragedy,
The retribution and the natural end;
But none can say but that the memory
Of this unknown who suffered at the hands
Of Captain Bourgmont may not have inspired
The bitter warfare of another age.

So simple faith and perfidy of power
Are pictured strikingly in natural way
On this broad stage that has so often since
Been a world's theatre. "Ring down the cur-
tain."

ROMANCE OF THE ROADS.

Roads are the routes of change, and they become
Highways of commerce. They are in themselves
Designed for social movements that make
dramas
Bigger than any individual play.

I.

In prehistoric days, before the red man
Came on the scene, dim legend has declared
There was a trace upon the stretching plains
Made by the feet of races now forgotten.
Perhaps cliff dwellers, forced to leave the strange
Fastness of the mountains, made those traces,
And on them followed in great caravans
Until they founded a forgotten city
And built the mounds where now St. Louis
stands.

Then passed they from the stage of time into
Darkness and mystery. And after them,
The red men on these traces wandered west,
Deepening the imprint as they dragged
Their lodge poles in the clay. No man can say

What feet have pressed them, nor can mention
all
The primitive camps, the strange adventures
seen,
The loves and plans and sorrows found and lost
Upon these traces, when the red race only
Held dominance of th' western continent.

II.

Later the Spaniard came to Mexico,
And when that land was conquered, Spanish
people
Set forth upon the trail from Santa Fe,
Seeking the fabled treasure cities set
Somewhere upon the plains, the rich Quivera
And the six others. Coronado first,
Then Onate came. There was an expedition
Of straggling 'venturers who trod the paths,
With song and jest and nightly scenes of love
And pleasure, hoping to subdue the French
And take St. Louis and old Louisiana,
That they, the pleasure seeking, might set up
A Spanish empire in the western world.
It was a crusade like the ancient ones.
They came with cattle, women and with babes,
And marched as though it were a holiday
Excursion. Strange was the way they fell
Into the hands of Indians at league

With the French people, and were all dispatched
Where the trail ends at Arrow Rock, Missouri.

III.

When Merewether Lewis sought the coast
By pushing forward on the Oregon trail,
On July 4th he ran the stars and stripes
O'er Kansas territory, and gave name
To Independence Creek. Then, two years later
Zebulon Pike and sixteen soldiers set
For the first exploration of the land
Determined on as Indian territory.
They passed the prairies of the eastern border
And reached the Smoky Hill and Saline rivers,
On to the Pawnee village. On the Arkansas
Pike and his party, in canoes of skins,
Launched for a journey to the Mississippi,
But, hindered by the rigors of the winter,
They westward turned again, to climb the slopes
Up to the Rockies. On the plains they passed
Herds of wild horses; and at last a cloud,
Set in the blue of heaven, stayed and grew,
Until they saw the outlines of a mountain
Of which it was the summit, which they called
Mexican mountain, which now bears the name
Of Pike's peak. Pike had crossed the border
Of Louisiana, into Mexico,
And he was captured and escorted down

To Santa Fe, and later to Chihuahua.
Then, taken by the Mexican cavalry
To near the border of our territory,
He was released, and lived to die in battle.
He was the first American to tread the trails.

IV.

But later on, when gold had been discovered
In California, and the Mexican war
Opened a greater west, the Anglo-Saxon
Made the old trail his road toward hope. The
rill
Quickly became a river. Someone called
The trail the only navigable stream
In Kansas. White sails were ever on it now.
Nightly the campfires flickered on the road.
Daily a stream of wagons and of men
Poured upward toward the mountains. Famous
grew
The landmarks on the route, from Council
Grove,
The "last chance" to secure supplies forgotten,
To Great Bend and the ford of Cimmaron.
Along the Oregon trail the gravelly bed
Of Smoky Hill river served for road.
At Pawnee Rock full many a contest waged
Between th' invading whites and Indians;
Still it is carved with many forgotten names.

To guard the caravans from these attacks
Came line of scouts, long haired, in leather
dressed,
Heroes of Beadle's old time literature.
These trails were stretching lines of poetry.
They were a staff set full of wilderness music.
A thousand strange romances have been written
Covering the period of this crusade;
A thousand more await the future artist.
Though there were monuments set every mile,
They would not serve to tell of all who perished
In the hegira of the Anglo-Saxon
Over these best roads nature ever made,
Without a bridge their length. If one could see
The phantoms of the peoples of the trails,
And know the history that buried lies
Within the dust he tramples 'neath his feet,
He would in these have tragic-comedies,
With passion and great vision, past all things
Imagination ever yet has pictured.

V.

On them at last there flew th' Pony Express,
Starting at the eastern edge of Kansas,
Thence on two thousand miles to San Francisco.
Picture the express rider—saddle bags
Filled with the messages on tissue paper,
With holsters at his side, spurring his horse

Across the prairie to the Relay House;
Then mounting hurriedly another horse
Kept waiting for him, charging on again.
At the third Relay he dropped exhausted.
A fresh man and fresh horse then took the burden,
And, climbing the rough Rockies, raced through
gorges,
Then to the plains again and other mountains,
Until in ten days the last gap was covered
And the fast mail delivered. In rain, in shine,
Through snow and blizzard, still he kept his way,
A solitary figure greeting none.
Sometimes from ambush hostile arrows flew
About him, but he raced on. If the red man
charged,
He fought and raced still. By some water hole
Or at a ford he might slack down his speed
And tighten up a girth or loose a bit
To give the beast drink. Sometimes he was slain,
But the next rider raced without a halt
Except to tell where men might find the body.
Doubtless it was the impulse given by
The picturesque rider of th' pony express
That gave momentum to the business
Which grew 'mid romance strange as e'er was
told
Until it filled the land. Perhaps it was

Forbearance for the heroism shown
At birth of this work that made people bear
The burden of that rider far too long
After they felt its spurs upon their backs.

The trails fell in disuse. There came a time
When sunflowers nodding by the roads gave
place

To growing crops, and when the nightly fires
Changed to the lights of houses and of cities;
And in the clamor for the roads of steel
The creeping caravan was near forgotten.
After long years, however, once again
The old trails meet the needs of modern men.
Now motor cars race over level plains
Where none molest. Now, not the buffalo
And maverick and cuyuse catch the eye
Of those who pass, but smoke of factory,
And flash of spire, and silos and windmills;
While in the distance rushing trains pursue
The routes of the old trails.

DRAMA OF THE INDIAN.

When Zebulon Pike looked first upon th' prairie
That rose in long swells from the Kansas border,
He said it marked a natural boundary
Between the white race and the Indian;
For, suited with its game for Indian hunting,
The prairie never could be tamed for farming.
'Twas this belief that led to the disposal
Of Kansas to the people of the wild.

I.

Then Kansas was the home of four red tribes—
Osages, Pawnees, Kansas and Comanches.
They did not crowd it, and it was a common
And happy hunting ground for Indians,
In which all hostile tribes must keep the peace.
It was not till the whites had overrun
The section east of the great Mississippi
That it became a populous Indian country,
Through concentrating tribes from all the east
In Kansas; for within a dozen years
Seventeen tribes from near a score of states,
As the white sea beat on them, were picked up
And cast upon the plains before the Rockies:

The Ottaways and Wyandottes from Ohio;
 The Pottawatomies from Michigan;
 The Delawares and Kickapoos from rivers
 By the Missouri; from the southern states,
 The Cherokees and Chippewas; the Sacs
 And Foxes from Wisconsin; from New York
 The various tribes of Iroquois. There were
 Wrecks in the waves that bore them from the
 east,

And it is said that many on the way
 Perished in utter grief. The Cherokees
 And Creeks resisted in a bitter war,
 But hopelessly. As for the other tribes,
 Long warfare had determined they must go.
 Algonquin people had combined with France
 To force the English back, and through two
 score

Years the struggle raged. Meanwhile the land
 Comprising Kansas had been ceded first
 From France to England, then to Spain, then
 back

To France again; and after revolution
 To the United States. So through stirring
 scenes,

And action that involved two continents,
 Kansas became an Indian territory,
 A buffer 'twixt the east and west, between
 The north and south.

II.

In ruling national wards,
Kansas was shuttled from one state to another
Over and over. Once it was a part
Of Louisiana; then of Indiana;
Again of the Missouri territory;
While finally the Kansas territory
Extended to the summit of the Rockies.
In this last line of rulership it was
Under the Indian agent, with the troops
Keeping it practically under military
Control. This period developed
Forts Scott and Leavenworth, and Sill and
Kearney;
And still some ancient barracks may be seen,
Though largely ruined. Indians lived at first
Happily, in abundance of the game,
And feeling safe in Uncle Sam's assurance
That they should have the land "as long as grass
Grew or the waters ran." They puffed their
pipes
In honor of Waconda, Heaven's Ghost,
Their faces brilliant in vermilion paint,
Yellow and green; and, laden down with beads,
They danced the dog dance and the great sun
dance,
Circling around the fire to the beat

Of drums and gourds, while uttering, "Hi yi,"
Monotonously, with now and then a yell,
Until they dropped exhausted. They went
forth

In yearly hunt, accompanied by "hard chief"
And "fool chief," the latter bearing "*nat*,"
The mascot of the tribe. Occasionally
The tribes for ancient jealousy, and lack
Of other things to do, waged war upon
Each other; but it was a mere diversion,
And ended in great feasts, in which the red men,
In leggings and breech clouts, and gay with
feathers,
Danced and consumed the peyote. Here they
lived

For many years in ways that to this day
Are more romantic than are books of fiction.
The plains were full of buffaloes; wild ponies
And antelope galloped through stretching
prairies;

The streams abounded in the fish and beaver;
Gophers and prairie dogs had numerous bur-
rows;

Jack rabbits threw themselves through towering
grass

At just a sound; turkeys and prairie chickens
Gobbled and drummed. It was a period

Of primitive peace. The pipestone quarries
Were sacred to the tribesmen. Game was common.

When any wished they hitched the dogs to lodge-
poles,

And sought, while marking roadways with the
drag,

The camp that pleased them. Missionaries came
To teach them and to open way for trade.

Father LaCroix and John Shoenmakers

Labored with the Osages; Jotham Meeker,

A printer, brought to Kansas its first press,

And published books and papers, not in English,

But for the Ottawas, in Indian language,

For which he made the grammar; Samuel Irwin

And Thomas Johnson came—to one being born

The first girl, to the other the first boy

Of the white race in Kansas. The mission bell,

Hanging in tree crotch, gave the earliest note

Of the approach of white man dominance.

III.

Following the missionary, traders came,

To deal in furs, to sell the Indian

Firewater and the white man's gun; and when

The people of the wild succumbed to drink

These harpies seeking victims plucked them often

Not only of their furs, but of their lands*
 As well. The Indian agents, sent to shield them,
 Too often aided traders in the work
 Of exploitation. In transactions made
 In such a manner, came the tragic ending
 Of that which once had been a nation's theme.
 After the Black Hawk war, when Keokuk
 And Black Hawk, the great rivals, both were
 dead,

The Sacs and Foxes, moving from Wisconsin,
 Were given reservations in this region.
 Here a usurper called Old Keokuk
 Became the chief instead of Black Hawk's son,
 And he in drunken revel signed away
 The greater portion of the tribal rights.
 Again a Black Hawk warred a Keokuk.
 Refusing to submit to the demands
 Of the conniving agent of the red men,
 He took the cession of the lands before
 The court at Washington. This court decided

*Perhaps this clause in the treaty of reservations to the
 Indians is taken from the wording of the grant made by
 William the Conqueror, which was sealed by him by biting
 the wax. Here are a few lines from the famous grant:

"From me and mine, to thee and thine,
 While water runs and sun doth shine,
 Under the earth to hell, over the earth to heaven,
 To witness that this is sooth
 I bite the white wax with my tooth."

Against the younger Black Hawk. He refused
To leave the lands the government had granted
"As long as grass grows or the sun is bright,"
And while his tribe, discouraged, one by one
Moved southward, he remained, disconsolate,
Dying of a broken heart. His grave
Remains in Kansas on his tribe's allotment.

IV.

The rush for gold that came in '49
Set streams of white adventurers trickling down
The ancient trails. When back the white sea
 surged,
Many were caught in Kansas, and there came
The call of Kansas to the easterner.
Then Manypenny, as an Indian agent,
Appeared among the red men, and persuaded
Them to make new treaties, ceding back
A greater portion of their former grants,
On grounds that now the lands were of enhanced
Value, promising annuities in cash.
The Otes and Missouris gave away
Three-fourths their territory. Delawares
And Kickapoos gave freely back much more.
Out of half a million acres, the Miamis
Kept seventy thousand only. The Shawnees,

Having a million acres, were induced
 To freely give back nine-tenths of them.
 Thus was the major portion of the land
 The nation had conveyed perpetually
 Taken from the twenty Indian tribes
 Practically without return. The land,
 Restored to the white people, now was opened
 To settlement. The first invasion came
 Of easterners and southerners, desiring
 To take the state and turn the scales of power,
 One to the south and slavery, the other
 To New York and the eastern states, and wages.
 Preemption rights in this new territory
 Were sold as "floats," entitling the holders
 To seize on quarter sections where they chose;
 And these were bought up in advance as sites
 Of future cities. Lawrence and Manhattan,
 Topeka and Emporia were started
 As eastern enterprises on these "floats."

V.

The struggles of the Redlegs and Jayhawkers
 Induced the peaceful Black Bob families
 Of the Shawnees to leave their reservations
 And flee to non-contested territory
 In the great region south. Thither went specu-
 lators,

Buying up claims of timorous Black Bobs;
And some, pretending to have bought who had
not,

Men so protested that the government
Refused to ratify the Black Bob claims.
For years they were an issue in elections,
And both sides to the controversy kept
A lobby at the nation's capital.
But finally the speculators won.

After the war the second white invasion
Poured into Kansas. All the land released
Was speedily filed on. Deeds were made
Subject to petty grafting, being held,
Without recording, in the agent's barn;
And this was burned. Litigation followed,
And finally a special act of Congress
Quieted titles. During the Civil war
Some of the Cherokees joined with the south,
And Washington authorities declared
The grant was forfeit, selling in a body
To a Connecticut company. Then congress
Granted the same to railroad corporations.
The war being over, many poured in Kansas
And settled on the lands. Then came a fight,
Triangular in nature. The result,
After long litigation and real war,
In the same section where I write these words,
Was that the Indians had lost the lands.

These are but incidents. Through fraud and
force,

And later grants in territory south,
While all the world looked on with gasp or
"shame,"

The land that was bestowed upon the red men
Was taken from them, and was occupied
By the white invaders. The Indian life
Had given place to other mannerisms.

THE FIGHT FOR POSSESSION.

Perhaps the greatest drama ever played
Upon the stage of Kansas was the struggle
To gain possession of the territory
By the conflicting interests,—the south,
Founding its dominance on blacks as chattels,
And the northeast, which wished to gain it
 empire
On exploitation of the employe.

I.

That such a struggle must come was forecasted
When Louisiana wedge-shaped came with threat
To split the south. To save the "institution"
Texas and Florida were turned to states,
And annexation came of territory
Conquered from Mexico. To offset this
The Oregon territory was annexed,
And California came into the union
A free state. This left the battle ground
Kansas and Nebraska; and for many years
Missourians sought to head off movers
Bound for the west from any northern state.
To carry Kansas for the south, they "squatted"
On Kansas land until they won them votes,

And called upon the south to send them men
To hold the coming state as they desired.
Greeley made known the state of things. The
east
Sent out a colony* that built a city,
Naming it Lawrence; and beneath a tree,

*The manner in which Kansas towns were promoted is indicated by the following card that appeared in the Salem, Ohio, Anti-Slavery Bugle of October 25, 1856:

HO, FOR KANSAS.

I shall leave Ohio for Kansas on Thursday, November 16, 1856, and shall be at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Saturday, the 8th, where I hope as many emigrants as possible who prefer Freedom to Slavery will join me and proceed at once to Kansas, select a location, build a city, and take the country around for farms.

With a thousand good men in this colony we should be at once impregnable to the attacks of Missouri ruffians, and with the necessary improvements that each individual of means would be constantly making, we could furnish employment to all who might need. We should have a good stock of provisions and clothing to furnish and assist the needy. Boxes of clothing and bedding, under the control of this party, could easily be distributed all over Kansas, and hundreds of good families kept in Kansas.

I would urge all newspapers friendly to publish this, call attention to it, and urge the formation of parties to join us at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Let every one do his whole duty and Kansas will be saved.

S. N. WOOD.

Before it found a shelter under roof,
The Kansas press began its work for freedom.
The advocates of slavery at once
Established Leavenworth to offset Lawrence.
Passion was running high, and waves from it
Splashed all the Atlantic coast.

II.

Election came.

Missourians poured in Kansas and elected
A legislature pledged to slavery.
The Pawnee company, a private firm,
Built capitol that it might be controlled
By southern interests. Till it was finished
The legislature met in camp. It ousted
The free state members and the governor,
And passed ferocious "black laws" against
negroes,
Taking the franchise from all advocates
Of abolition. Meetings of protest then
Were held in Kansas and all eastern states.
A constitutional convention met,
Composed entirely of free state people,
Adopting tentatively a constitution
Providing for free labor and submitting
The measure to a vote. When the day arrived
For voting on the platform so suggested
A mob at Leavenworth destroyed the poll books

And burned a free state paper. 'Spite of this,
The constitution had been ratified.

However, there were contests; for two men
Were sent to congress, with opposing views;
And neither one was seated. Now the scenes,
All stirring and of passion full, were changed
With great rapidity. For free state views
The Reverend Pardee Butler was sent down
Murky Missouri on a raft, with hope
That he might perish; but he reached the shore,
And boldly went back into Atchison.

They tarred and feathered him. At Leaven-
worth

Editor William Phillips made protest
Against election frauds; a mob seized him,
Bore him to Weston in Missouri, tarred
And feathered him, shaved one side of his head,
And rode him on a rail. To crown the insult,
A negro, at command of those who held him,
Placed him on sale, and in derisive bidding,
They bought him for a dollar. Being released
And cared for by his friends till he recovered,
He went back and denounced the "institution."
A second time the mob came, then with death.
He died a martyr; but while men for less
Have been immortalized and hailed as heroes,

William Phillips is ignored, forgotten,
While Wendell Phillips has a nation's praise.
The Waukarusa war was not yet ended.
Feeling ran bank full, and a free state settler
Was shot down in the road. The slayer, fleeing,
The abolitionists, desiring revenge,
Burned down his house. The sheriff, though with
home

At Westport in Missouri, made arrest
Of one he thought had aided in the arson;
But he was rescued. Then a call was made
For soldiers, and a force was given him;
And they, augmented by Missourians,
Marched on the free soil settlers massed at
Lawrence.

The governor, alarmed, patched up a truce
And bloodshed was averted, though one fell.
The constitution that had been adopted
Came before congress and was there rejected,
And Jefferson Davis, secretary of war,
Sent soldiers to disperse the legislature
The free soil men had chosen. The governor,
Indicted for high treason, was arrested
And thrust in prison. Sheriff Jones with troops
Appeared in Lawrence, burned Free State hotel
And two free soil newspapers. Over him
As ensign, flaunted the blood red flag
Of South Carolina.

III.

Now John Brown appeared,
With wagon load of carbines, from Chicago,
Contributed by Christians of the east.
A few days later several who had led
In struggle to hold Kansas to the south
Were called out in the night and shot. Then
Brown
Assembled a few neighbors of his sons
And took the field, a most religious man
Who felt it right to battle for the Lord.
He captured the pro-slave arsenal at Franklin.
Three other arsenals of the Red Leg fighters
Fell into his hands. But the enemy
Rallied. Three hundred Missourians
Marched after Brown. At Ossawatimie
They overpowered him and when he fled
They burned the village. At Leavenworth
A free state lawyer lost his life, while all
Believing as he did were forced to flee.
The free state men again took the offensive,
Capturing two strongholds of their foes,
But in returning from their victory
The federal army, of which Jefferson Davis
Was head, arrested them. They were put on
trial,
With murder charged, and in due time convicted.

Yet so strong was the free state sentiment
They never were imprisoned. It appeared
Worse bloodshed might ensue, but at this point
The governor urged peace. Free soilers
Disbanded. Sheriff Jones when asked
To do the same retreated to Missouri.

IV.

The fight was now transferred to politics.
A vote was taken on the slavery question
But the free soilers would not vote. On strength
Of such a showing Washington desired
Kansas admitted as a slavery state.
But a new vote was taken. This time it ran
Strongly against the slavery constitution.
Then was a constitution drafted, making
Kansas a free state. President Buchanan
Declared that Kansas was for slavery
As true as Georgia or South Carolina;
And congress, considering the constitution
That made the state slave, held an all night
session,
And there were fights, with many bloody faces;
But in the end the cavalier was beaten.
Meantime, a dozen free soil agitators
Were captured by Missourians in Kansas,
Lined up against a wall and shot. A few

By feigning death escaped. In later days
One of these few did legal execution
To leader of the gang. Stirred by the murder
John Brown retaliated, took twelve slaves
From unsuspecting masters in Missouri,
And with his sons departed, managing
To get to Canada and set them free.
His "Parallels," sent to a Kansas paper,
Were his defence and his farewell to Kansas.
So ended the fourth act.

V.

The fifth act
Was national in scope and known of all.
How Brown seized Harper's ferry arsenal;
How the Virginia troops attacked him there,
Killing two sons and capturing the father;
How he was tried, convicted, executed;
How Davis rose to southern president;
How war became a flood with crest of blood
That swept the south, and in its horrid swell
Murmured with the chant of many thousand,
"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the tomb,
But his soul goes marching on"—all this is
known,
All this is part of that great tragedy
Begun in Kansas, then made nation-wide.

Kansas responded to the call to arms
Without a draft. Often the wave of war
Beat against Kansas. Price threatened her
But in the early days of war departed
Without a blow being struck. Quantrell crossed
Over the line, and falling upon Lawrence,
The fated town of eastern colonizers,
Left it in ashes, massacreeing boys
And helpless men, departing with large loot.
At Baxter Springs the great guerilla struck
And won a battle. But the Kansas troops
Responded by invasion of Missouri.
When Price again attempted to come north
They battled him on many a bloody field,
And though, retreating, he did touch on Kansas,
He here received the blow that sent him south
Reeling and crippled. Of the war itself,
Most bloody contest of all history,
Pulsing with action, and with fire and smoke,
And roar and cry of anguish, all men know.
At length, however, natural evolution
Prevailed o'er frenzied, terrible work of men,
And though it wrecked the people that opposed
it,
The order that was due came into power,
And peace succeeded till its end should come.
There never was a drama more intense.
I call on you to see the mighty moves,

To note the passions like the lightning playing
In midst of storm, to mark the onward march
Of events in that order and precision
Which proves design in things, to find in this
A tragedy the world still marvels over.

DR. ROBINSON.

What strange, dramatic life belongs to him
Who first was governor of Kansas!

I.

He,

Charles Robinson, a doctor, scandalized
In Massachusetts in an early day
The regular practitioners by use
Of new means heterodox. Disgusted
At opposition, he went overland
To California, crossing on the way
The future site of Lawrence. On the coast
He fought for squatters' rights and was im-
prisoned,
Followed by prosecution in the courts,

Though in the end the charges were dismissed.
His fight for common justice landed him
In California legislature.

II.

Then
He journeyed back to where he had begun,
Going around the Horn. Upon the trip
Cholera attacked his fellow travelers,
And he used all his skill to save their lives.
When at Havana he beheld the death
Of Lopez' filibusters. When arrived
At home again he took up medicine,
Intending that his life stream should glide smooth
In ordinary channels.

III.

But from Kansas
Came tidings of the warfare of the border,
And this so stirred him that he led the second
Party of immigrants to settle Lawrence,
And from that free town work for free state
Kansas.
Here plunged he in the fight. Though ready
always
To "talk it over," still his house was burned

And he imprisoned long on charge of treason.
He came from prison as the governor
Of Kansas territory, and from this point
Of vantage worked hard for a constitution
That made the state free. Of this free state
He was first governor.

IV.

During the war
He flung the soldiery of Kansas out
To hold the union of the states. He was
One of the efficient war governors
That made a record both for himself
And for the commonwealth he had in charge;
Retiring, when peace came, replete with honors.

V.

Then went he to his farm, as Washington
When he became first in the hearts of men.
After such service Dr. Robinson
Gave to the university its site;
He took a lowlier place as legislator;
He was the head of Haskell institute
And helped to point the first inhabitants
Of Kansas, Indians, into the way
Of civilized life. Then at the close,

Amid the groves he planted with his hands,
He lived serenely as there came to him
The shadow that to Kansas was a light
Like old Shikanah to the Israelites,
And closed his eyes in peace.

Here on this slope,
Facing the town where all this history
Was written is his grave, the faithful wife,
Historian of the epoch, by his side,
And in the university you see
His strong face carved in marble.

THE STATE OF JEFFERSON.

As the Louisiana purchase held
The making of a dozen states, so Kansas
Territory in the past included
All Colorado merely as a county.
They did not call it Colorado then.
The Kansas legislature gave it name
Montana, but the people in the tract
Ignored the legal title of their county,
Naming it Arapahoe.

Nor was
This the sole tangle in this western district.

Her people in one day elected county
Officers, including legislator; then
The next day they elected state officials
For the new state of Jefferson. They had
A sheriff for the county, who was made
A sort of sheriff for the state as well,
And so could manage. But the member sent
To th' Kansas legislature had a time
Keeping down conflict 'twixt state government
Of Kansas and state government at Denver.
He managed it, however.

It became

Necessary ere the state could be
Received into the union, to clear title
Which Indians claimed to land. They therefore
held

A great pow-wow at Larned on the Pawnee,
The Cheyenne owners being represented
By Spotted Horse, Black Kettle, Yellow Robe,
Whirlwind and Roman Nose, the white men led
By Colonel Jacob Downing. The red people
Demanded sixty thousand dollars cash,
Which so enraged the leader of the whites
He offered to go out and fight the bunch.
In hope of making better terms the settler
Was told to feed them, which he did. Yet still
They held out for the sixty thousand—nearly
Ten cents an acre, an exorbitant price!

The whites gave in. But when the time arrived
For making payment, they revenged themselves
By turning in grub, salt horse, blankets and gew
gaws

At an enormous profit, so the red men
Received no cash at all.

A little later

It became needful to secure release
Of other Indian claims. This time Red Cloud
Appeared before the meeting place and formed
His bucks in line before it. Then he told
How he had stood for peace through many years,
And how his trusting people had been swindled
Of land for things they did not want or need.
Last he gave warning that he must receive
The purchase price in silver, as the act
Of congress made his right; unless
It so was paid him, he would give the word
To all his men and teach the whites a lesson
They would remember. He held his lines
In full command until they sent a wagon
And brought the cash. One time the Indian
Had held his own.

There were many quarrels
In congress when the Kansas county called
Montana
Was seeking to be made into a state.
Still, some would give it name of Jefferson;

But politics prevailed, and he who made
The Louisiana purchase was not given
Fitting memorial within its bounds.
The state centennial, the silver state,
Formerly a Kansas county, had attention
Of all the world when it became a state.

There never was a mixture more unique
Than that of county called at once Montana
And Arapahoe, and at one time assuming
To be a county of the territory
Of Kansas, and an independent state
Called Jefferson.

ROMANCE OF CAPITOLS.

No state has had romance of capitols
That made a drama, such as Kansas has.
What elemental passion plays through it
Like lightning in the threatening summer cloud!

I.

The territorial capital was placed
At Leavenworth, a city that was founded

By advocates of slavery. It happened
That Governor Reeder was a free state man,
And called the legislature to assemble
At Pawnee Mission. Irony was in this,
For Pawnee Mission was an institution
In charge of Southern Methodists, so that
When governor and many legislators
Would board there it was trying on the people
Who were not friendly to their way of thinking.
Perhaps the governor felt in gentle kindness
Bestowed on him unvoiced rebuke, because
Within six months, a company having built
A capitol, he called the legislature
To Pawnee, "a laid out town" which had
One house, the capitol building. Meeting there,
The legislature, strongly pro-slave, promptly
Moved back to Shawnee. Pawnee was declared
Within the reservation of Fort Riley,
And they who soon rushed thither to obtain
Land in the capitol city that might be,
But never was, were forcibly removed
By the militia.

II.

Then the legislature
Assumed full powers, gaining for itself
Throughout the east and north opprobrious

Title of bogus legislature. It first
Removed from office Reeder the governor.
They tell that as he hung about they spat
On him and one sought to assassinate him.
The legislature then passed stringent laws,
Declaring Kansas was a slavery state,
And that free soilers had no right to vote.
The fierceness of enactments 'gainst the slave
Attests the passion that was raging then.
Neither the capital nor laws adopted
In it continued long. All that remains
Of Shawnee Mission is a cemetery
Where there is rural peace, and by the road
A low-voiced spring that tinkles as of old
After the noisy war of man is at an end.

III.

There was a contest for the capitol
When the second legislature met. Lecompton,
Leavenworth, Lawrence, St. Bernard, Tecumseh,
Kickapoo and One Hundred and Ten all sought
The state house. Lecompton won, and congress
Appropriated money for a building
Which should be permanent. But here again
The Kansas way obtruded. So intent
Were advocates of slavery in making
The building so imposing and so strong

It would not be abandoned, that they spent
The full appropriation on the vast
Foundation, and were left financially
Exhausted. The capitol proposed
Never rose higher. Lawrence the next year,
The free soil people coming into power,
Was made the capital, this being the town
Founded by easterners.

IV.

By this time the war
Was in full progress. In those stirring days
Pro-slavery was banished from the land,
And Kansas, from a territory, came
In as a free state. The fight of towns
Founded to promote two different ideas,—
Lawrence and Lecompton,—therefore ended
In victory for the former, even when
The capitol was later moved from it.

V.

The entire contest had been within
A little radius. When the war was over
And there was peace, the capitol was placed
In the same radius, at Topeka now,
And the psychology of things was changed

To leisurely process that was in its way
Remarkable as was the fierceness of
The former fight. The building has progressed
According to one plan but by degrees.
First came the body.
Then wings were hitched on and extended out
To meet the growing need. For forty years
The capitol was building ere it could
Be said that it was finished, a condition
That in itself is humor and romance.
But there is more. Upon a certain day
The people gathered in the capitol grounds
And planted there a thousand forest trees
To show the world the prairie state could do
Whatever it desired.

So ends the story,
Where everything was tense with interest,
Yet humorous in its very earnestness,
And in division true to every phase
Of real dramatic unity.

QUINDARO.

I.

The site of the Quindaro of the red men
Is undetermined; but the ruins still

Remain of the Quindaro of the whites,
Built in a later day. It came upon
This wise: A white man, Abelard Guthrie,
Wed in an early day Quindaro Brown,
A daughter of the Wyandottes. Making
Their home on hills that overlooked Missouri
A few miles north of where now Kansas City
Spreads over miles, in time around them grew
A village in which Indians and whites
Mingled in amity. In memory
Perhaps of old Quindaro and perhaps
In honor of the woman who had built
The first home there, the villagers gave it
The name Quindaro.

II.

Then some easterners,
Wishing to found an abolition city
In Kansas, yet where 't would stand a challenge
To the Missourians across the river,
Selected these hills as the site, and bought
The land they needed. Dr. Robinson
Became first president of the company
Promoting the new town, and there began
His history that since then was inwoven
With history of Kansas. The town grew
A cosmopolitan place, where Delawares,

Wyandottes and Shawnees mingled with the
Yankees,
The Hoosier and the breezy westerner.
Great steamers laid their cargoes at its wharves,
And ox teams bore them westward. Many
from the east
Stopped at Quindaro as they sought the west
To note the tang and picturesque abandon
Of the new eastern city on the border.
The hostelries were called the best beyond
The Mississippi. The first real paper
In Kansas territory started here,
With Preston Plumb (who afterward became
Senator from Kansas), and John B. Walden
(After a Methodist bishop) in active charge.
William Tecumseh Sherman in Quindaro
Set up law offices, and trod its streets
In shiny broadcloth coat and high silk hat.
The people were half puritan. When some one
Started a saloon, they waited on him
And in two hours he packed his kit and left.
It was the first dry town in all the land.

III.

But the war came. Composed exclusively
Of abolitionists, the population
Departed in a month—the men to fight,

Women and children for their eastern homes,—
Leaving a populous and prosperous city
Practically deserted in a day.
Fine houses were abandoned; the hotels
No longer had guests; and the river traffic,
Deracinated by the war, left wharves
To grow in weeds. The great park was unkempt.
The greatest warehouse in the west burned down,
And left but high walls ruined. The *Chindowan*
(The *Indian Leader*) moved to Wichita.
Even the Indians went further west.
Thus was a flourishing and peaceful city
Suddenly left desolate, while citizens,
But chiefly Sherman, wrote red history
Over the south.

IV.

In progress of the war
A regiment of union cavalry
Quartered in the mansions of the city,
Burning the white pine floors to keep them warm,
And stabling horses in palatial houses.
Later the deserted buildings were torn down
And carted to Wyandotte and Kansas City,
There to assume new shapes in other towns.
During the exodus of refugees

From Tennessee, the negro colonists
Quartered for sometime in the city's remnants;
But even they departed from the town
That seemed to have the curse of fate upon it.
The town site, covering lots that once had sold
At sixty dollars per front foot, now went
For taxes only. Even then it was not built
Anew, but, contiguous to Kansas City,
Turned into farm land.

V.

The last scene reveals
A tangle of great trees and trailing vines
Upon the slopes, robins and thrushes singing;
Here a great wall, with what might pass for port-
holes
But were receptacles of iron girders
In the old warehouse; there a yawning cave
That once had been a sewer; here cobble stones
On what had been the wharf, and leading streets,
Now grown in underbrush and varied flowers;
And yonder outlines of the Methodist church
Of other days, now gone. The town's forgotten,
And in sight of the city that has grown,
Since it was founded, into conquering strength
It lies unheard of by inhabitants
Of the new city. All that still remains

As once it was, is a little bubbling spring
Throwing its rivulet of clear cold water
Down curving to the river. Both of the ~~Quin-~~
 daros
Will soon be memories, locations lost.

JIM LANE OF KANSAS.

There was a personal drama in the life
Of James H. Lane, sublimely picturesque
And tragical at the close.

 The first act
Opens in Indiana. From here the youth
Fought gallantly in war with Mexico,
Rose to Lieutenant Governor, and then
Became a congressman. While in the house
He first made Kansas history, by voting
For passage of Nebraska-Kansas act,
Making this territory neutral ground.
The next act opens in a moving wagon,
The former congressman en route to Kansas.
Passing the town of Lawrence, first projected
By easterners to forward abolition,
He stops off to secure a jug of water,
But offered a claim cheap, he buys and stays.

From here they send him to the legislature.
Fertile of plan, audacious, shifty, soon
He turns a leader in the fight for freedom.
Then forth he goes to stir the north for aid,
Collecting fabulous sums to bring the state
Into the union free, and gains the title
That rings around the world—Jim Lane of
Kansas.

A third act opens. In the senate now,
A politician with a raucous voice
Who ne'er denied the stories of his killings
In border warfare, but with personal plea
That he was always for the under dog,
He gains such prestige that even his friends
wonder.

Without defence or logic he has his way.
He helps to set the stage for that great drama
In which the south became the field of action
And war ran wild.

Then the struggle opens.
His word brings into the field ten thousand men.
He throws away a senatorship as trash,
He takes his place as general, although
Without commission. Through the war he
fights,
Battles he wins. The title he assumed

Is tacitly received, and he comes forth
Covered with glory.

Then the war is ended.
Again he has his place in senate halls.
The fight comes on to crush the president
Who would not crush the south. 'Tis late at
night.
They vote on the president's measure. 'Tis a tie.
On Jim Lane hangs decision. When they call
Kansas, he votes to stand with President John-
son,
Whose friends are thinning rapidly. His col-
leagues
Curse him and snub him. He returns to Kansas
To make appeal to his constituents,
But the old champion has lost his power.
Friends meet him without speaking. Then one
day
With good bye to a friend, he shoots himself.
Ten days he lives, while all the world aghast
Stands at the tragedy, and opposition
Is softened by the act; and then he dies.

Where is there drama with such tragedy
As this, ever full of action, and with scenes
Varied and charming?

DRAMA OF DEVELOPMENT.

Development in Kansas, when begun
 After a bitter war had cleared the way,
 Was more spectacular than any drama;
 For Kansas felt the world's eyes were upon her
 And ever has done things in a great way,
 Writing the level scroll of Kansas with plow-pen
 Full of big records in her orderly lines.

I.

The soldiers, who were given homestead rights,
 Invaded Kansas now, from every state,
 As late they had the south, but now intent
 On getting land and building peaceful homes.
 Others had passed through Kansas. This great
 army
 Came to subdue and occupy the land.
 They did not come as to the other states
 With staid precision, but with gulp and rush.
 It was the outgrowth of long agitation
 Of the Workingman's party, singing as it grew,
 "Come along, come along, don't you take alarm,
 For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a
 farm."

The roads were filled with white wings of the
 wagons

Creaking their slow way to the land of promise.
A hundred cities came with rows of houses,
Crops of the human. Level prairie lands
Were checkered with a road at every section
And edged with osage orange either side,
While great catalpa groves prepared the way
For shade and timber. Twenty-six million acres
Were in ten years giv'n free to those who came.
An empire of the virgin soil was turned;
Ten thousand farm homes rose as grew the crops.
For the first time in history a state was made
As battles had been fought, in social work
Done in a big way.

II.

As the settlers came
They called for railroads and they bid for rail-
 roads

In dazzling style. The Santa Fe was given
Alternate sections on its route through Kansas
For ten miles back—three million or more acres.
To the Union Pacific, planning to push west
To the Pacific, a grant of similar sections
For twenty miles on either side was tendered—
Six million acres. Scores of roads received
As liberally of the soil. Between the gifts

To railroads and homesteaders, in ten years
 The whole state was allotted free of charge.
 It brought the roads, but stirred Wall street
 with thought

That gave it sovereignty o'er all the land,
 Since what was given paid for every road,
 Leaving vast territory still their own.

III.

After the "C. K. Holliday" had made
 Its first trip westward, after the golden spike
 That knit the two ends of the railroad that
 First crossed the mountains, had been driven in
 By President Grant amid great ceremony,
 The railroad companies made big arrangement
 For the disposal of their little empires.
 In all the capitals and leading cities
 Of Europe agents set up offices
 And put out literature in praise of Kansas.
 The buffalo head, the symbol they had chosen,
 Broke from the western plains to every home
 In the old world. The call was not for ones
 And twos to come, but rather colonies;
 And every ruler had an invitation,
 With all the leading literary men
 And politicians, to attend opening
 Of wild land greater in extent than some

The kingdoms where they advertised. This
country
Was flooded with attractive literature,
And all newspaper men had special bids
To see the opening of the railroad lands.
The whole world rang with it.

IV.

When the day came
Excursionists filled all the state. The blare
Of many bands proclaimed a holiday.
Bunting waved joyously, and barbecues
Were served in many places. Grand Duke
Alexis
From Russia came, and, taken to the plains,
Guided by Buffalo Bill, with famous men
As an escort, brought down a buffalo.
The wonder of the building of a state
As 'twere in a day was featured in the papers,
And every people marveled at the tale,
Till "Kansas, Kansas," rang around the world.
A Swedish colony in Saline county
Took twenty thousand acres; English people
Bought eighty thousand; Scotch in Dickenson
Cinched fifty thousand; Welsh in Riley county
Settled on nineteen thousand. Mennonites
Came in three companies and occupied

A hundred thousand acres, bringing with them
Apricot and mulberry, being released
By legislative act from army service,
So they might serve God as their conscience
pointed.

Later more colonies were brought from Russia;
They cultivated for a time their fields
As common land. Within ten years the state
Of Kansas had attained a population
As great as many other states had done
In three times fifty years.

V.

And then the people
Awakened to a knowledge that the railroad
Had from the land grants paid for all construction,
Having huge acreage left. The land drama
Was ended in revulsion of the spirit
That gave so liberally. When th' Osage nation
Ceded eight million acres to a railroad,
The people rose in protest. Many meetings
Of indignation followed; oratory
Rose to a scream. One man rode on horseback
Almost across the state to bear the protest
Where it could find publicity. Appeal was made
To congress and the courts. After a bitter fight

The people won, and all the territory
From which a half dozen counties since were
framed
Was saved to the people. So the drama ends.

Where will you find a play spectacular
And full of comedy and social action
Like this enacted on the Kansas stage
With million actors and the world for witness?
It was so great that through all following ages
It will not be repeated, save by fancy,
That brings it up anew as though in shadow.

DRAMA OF THE BUFFALO.

The plains of Kansas in an early day
Were ranged by herds of buffalo which grazed
On the high wild grass.

I.

Whence they had come,
And the long history they made, recorded
Only by bones dotting the green with white,
No man may know. Perhaps they were the
cattle

Of an old people that in days departed
Had farmed the plains and made the soil a
desert

And then departed. After they were gone,
Perhaps the cattle lived and bred and found
At last the bunch grass and the sunflower
growing

Upon the fields exhausted, and so lived
On till the white man came.

II.

But ere the white man
Came on the scene, the red man, here trans-
planted,
With arrows killed the bison, and subsisted
On flesh of beasts and fish, and on the things
That grew wild, remnants of the olden crops.
The buffalo provided robes in winter,
And from his skin the tepee was constructed.
Imagine the red man with lariats
Of strands of skin lassoing the wild ponies,
And on these ponies stealing 'gainst the wind
Upon the herds of bison, slaying them.
Imagine arrows rained into the sides
Of the huge-shouldered beasts. Imagine drums
Made of the entrails of the buffalo
Signalling the tribes for miles. Imagine chiefs

Wearing the great robes proudly and the valleys
Dotted with tepees made of bison hides.
The plains are written with the poem of it.

III.

When gold lured white men from the eastern
coast

They found these shaggy herds ten million
strong.

The papers told about it, and there fell
The fever of the wild upon the youth,
Who longed for the adventure of the chase.

There came a market for the buffalo robe
And thousands rushed to Kansas bent on slaying
The harmless herds. There grew a rivalry
To see who could destroy most. They did not
eat

The carcass of the victim, but tore off
The skin and let the rest rot. In the camps
They boasted daily of the numbers slaughtered.
But this was too slow work. It soon gave place
To systematic slaughter as a trade.
Some killed, some skinned the prey, and some
tanned hides.

The rifles would bring down a score or more
Perhaps in half an hour. Skinners then
Appeared in order to perform their work.

Hitching a pony to the slitted hide
 They dragged it from the dead, huge-shouldered
 beasts,
 And left the carcasses by hundreds lying
 To rot upon the plains. The hunters swept
 Like prairie fires leaping through the grass,
 And all the mighty herds went down before
 them.

The Indians saw the slaughter of their meat
 With anger. Though they dared not attack
 Those armed with rifles with the arrows merely,
 They nursed their wrath until a later day,
 And then, having acquired rifles of their own,
 Visited their pent-up fury, not on those
 Who had destroyed the glory of the plains,
 But on the settlers who were fighting there
 For meager means of life.

IV.

These had come on,
 Seeking not sport but chance to make them
 homes.
 They came like grass persisting after fire.
 They turned the sod and of it built them homes.
 They met the biting winter without wood,
 And then it was the buffalo, though dead,
 Became their minister. They saved their lives

By burning the dry chips of buffalos
Accumulated through the centuries.
Grass for the houses, dung of that extinct
Saved them from ruin of the elements
That swept the wide plains.

V.

There was yet another
Period in the mighty tragedy
Of Kansas' most distinctive animal,
Though it itself had long since passed away.
There came demand for bison bones that lay
Bleaching upon the plains. Bone gatherers
With wagons followed where the hunter had cut
down
His swathe of flesh, and filling wagon beds
Hauled them to market in the villages.
Then passengers might see at every stop
Great piles of bleaching bones. Cars, even
trains,
Were loaded with the spoil and borne to cities,
Passing through many states. It was the long
Funeral cortege of the buffalo.

The Indian was superseded by
The white; the buffalo no more

Raced down the tracks of railroads that had
 pierced
 The wilderness, but long horns took their places
 And pastured on the wild grass that now showed
 Fences of osage orange, and catalpa
 Growing for wood. Within a few brief years
 The poem of development, the romance
 And tragedy of conquest of the wild,
 Has found expression through the gun and plow,
 And the great herds of bison are extinct.
 When the Santa Fe would advertise
 It was appropriate the buffalo
 Should be the trademark of its literature.
 And when the state of Kansas took its place
 Among the commonwealths of a great nation,
 The buffalo was fittingly giv'n honor
 Upon her seal. That is the monument
 Of that which once loomed big but now is gone.

On either side of the Santa Fe trail, as far as eye could reach, a distance of about fifteen miles, immense herds of buffalo so thickly covered the country that when viewed from a height, it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface.—Farnham, English, 1843.

DRAMA OF THE INDIAN WARS.

There have been battles with the Indians
In other states. Black Hawk aroused the tribes
And waged a war involving many states,
Though at the last it suddenly dissolved;
Old Osceola in the Everglades
Withstood great generals for many years;
But only Kansas had an Indian war
Directed against one state and waged for years,
And ere it ended, as with everything
Affecting Kansas, touching all the nation.

I.

We know not nor can know the argument
That prompted many tribes to move together,
Nor how they met in council, nor if they
Held their ghost dances and communed with
spirits
As preparation for concerted action;
But we may well suppose they felt they had
Been driven from the land to which the nation
Had moved them with assurance that they
should
Forever occupy it, and because of this

That they had somehow right to live in Kansas
 In spite of any treaty they had made.
 We may suppose they felt the Civil war
 Had weakened so the foe that it was well
 To strike at that time. But too long they
 tarried,
 As events showed, before they struck the blow;
 For though they had the generalship which fused
 Tribes that had fought each other, still they
 found
 The whites united as they had not counted.

II.

They came in raids from Indian territory
 Just as the war was closing, in three bodies,
 Killing and scalping settlers, stealing stock
 And burning houses, Cheyennes, Arapahoes,
 Comanches, Sioux and Kiowas, Osages
 And Wichitas all donning the war paint.
 Three famous generals of the Civil war
 Were flung against the tribes, who, scattering,
 Evaded battle, so prolonging war.
 Arapahoes and Cheyennes were indeed
 Surrounded, and they made a treaty, having
 The privilege of hunting in the wilds
 Of Kansas, and their reservations south,

With arms and ammunition for the hunt,
If they could cease their warfare. When, how-
ever,
The arms were issued, they again went forth,
Better equipped for slaughter.

III.

Governor Crawford,
First calling out the Kansas volunteers
To take the field, resigned his higher office
To battle under others. General Sherman,
Grim hero of the march to the Atlantic,
Sheridan, Harney, Custer, Miles and score
Of notable officers, with seasoned troops,
Came (it was fortunate they came) to fight
In war more difficult than they had known,
And lasting twice as long as th' Civil war.
The dashing Custer—who at four years old
Began his soldier life, the golden-haired
And blue-eyed warrior—promptly charged upon
Black Kettle's village in the Washita,
Destroyed a hundred warriors, captured all
Their stock and pressed them so they all sur-
rendered.

But Colonel Forsythe did not fare so well.
Pinned on an island in Republican river,
Wounded and horses slain, he held at bay

The savages, shielded by dead horses
 And living on their flesh, until two scouts
 Crept through the Indian lines and gave alarm,
 Bringing relief. 'Twas not a breakfast spell,
 Like Black Hawk's war, or struggle of Tecumseh.
 Battalions were employed for several years
 In the Republican, Saline and Solomon valleys.
 The settlers organized in companies
 And built stockades. Skirmishes were frequent.
 Ambushes were in wait for all who ventured
 Upon the plains alone; and often bodies
 Would be found on the grass with forelocks gone.
 Oft in the night a glow upon the sky
 Would show where some had perished and been
 laid
 Upon the funeral pyres of their homes.
 There was no peace of Solomon valley then;
 Smoky Hill became a smoking altar
 Where human sacrifice was offered up.
 And many left their claims, returning east.

IV.

So ran the contest for a dozen years.
 Then the Cheyennes, who from the great north-
 west
 Had been moved to the Indian territory,
 Determined to return to their old home.

We know not how association called them,
The graves of ancestors and scenes familiar;
But with the women and papposes they
Started through Kansas in a caravan,
Not hostile but determined. They were at-
tacked

At canon of the Famished Woman's Fork,
And whites and reds were slain. Still on they
pressed,

Crossing the lines of railway, so the wires
Told of their march to apprehensive world.
They did seek vengeance when by Sappa creek,
Killing a number, but when troops appeared
They gave up the accused and went their way;
And no one for the raid was prosecuted.
Less peaceful were th' Nez Perces when they
joined

The exodus for their old home beside
The Little Big Horn. Sitting Bull, attacked,
Struck with the force of all his savagery.

V.

Now was the war transferred to other states.
The troops pursued. Impetuous Custer led,
And in the Black Hills of Dakota swooped
Upon the Indians outnumbering him.
None lived to say how the few fighters fell,

But all were found slain, with dead heaped about
them.

With fury then the army rushed upon
Implacable Sitting Bull and Captain Jack
In Bad Lands and the Lava Beds, and slaugh-
tered

The recreant reds. Rumors ran rife for days
Of dancing the ghost dance, of buzzing braves
Ready to settle on the whites and sting,
Though stinging might mean death. But
finally

The chiefs were captured, taken to Washington,
And for the most part entered into treaties
By which the tribesmen were returned to their
Allotment in the Indian territory;
Though there were some who held out till the
last,

Helpless but nominally rebellious, grim
And in their filth and helplessness heroic.

This drama of long years begun in Kansas
And holding the attention of the world
Decided for all time that Anglo-Saxons
Should hold the land and work the destinies
Of civilization in the newer dramas.

BUFFALO BILL.

When William Cody came first to the west
As hunter of the buffalo, he gained
The sobriquet that clung to him through all
Vicissitudes, and made him type distinct,
Namely, Buffalo Bill.

I.

It is not needful
For those whose fancy can outrun all words
To seek to picture all the romance of it.
Let it suffice that on the sage brush plains
He played the first act of a mighty drama
Which in entirety made him a hero
Perhaps of more than any man who ever
Lived in the western world. Of presence fine,
A daring rider and a center shot,
He practiced arts of slaughter. The young
people
Saw nothing of the butchery, nor caught
The reeking fumes of carcasses despoiled
Of fur as though by crude machines; they saw
Only the romance of the game, the man

Stately and sure of shot. The figure
Made such appeal that it became the hero
Of a new literature in which the central
Actor was Buffalo Bill.

II.

Then that hero came
In a new act. Long-haired and keen of eye,
Daring in horsemanship, and now familiar
With all the western country, he was called
To pilot federal troops against the red men
In a long war that held the world's attention.
The spy of the conventional nature took
Here a new form, and he became the hero
Of many stories. Boys regarded him
As idol of their dreams. He taught the world,
Which gazed upon the drama played in Kansas,
Geography of the west, as day by day
He led the armies in the wilderness
By untried paths. The first explorer scout,
Buffalo Bill, became progenitor
Of a long line of picturesque types that
Were later, with their woodcraft, hikes and rites
About the fire given permanence
And living romance in the Boy Scout movement.

III.

But after long years Indian wars had end,
And with them passed the plains scout. That
Romantic war that held the world's attention
Suggested to the bob cat of the west,
Who ever landed on his feet, the way
To get again the spotlight. He devised
The Wild West show. There he exhibited
The things that he had known. The red man,
tamed,
Traveled with him, and in an open court
Surrounded by a canvas acres huge
Rough riding, fancy shooting, and attacks
And wild repulses gave new element
To entertainment of a wondering world.
The people of the nation saw the red man
Of which their ears had heard, and marvelled
at him.
The kings of Europe saw, and on the breast
Of Buffalo Bill pinned many decorations.
Boys, ever taken with the tent and scenes
Of daring with the tang o' the wild, once more
Saw the grey leader as a modern knight,
And fancied romance that did not exist;
And this was honor greater than the things
That royalty had pinned upon his bosom.

IV.

Came a fourth act. Though in his show unique
Having an audience of many millions,
And making fortunes, there had come the
strange

American development the trust,
Even in amusements. This was met,
And the picturesque knight of the plains,
The Kansas scout, went, first time in his life,
Down to defeat. In old age he was left
Without a dollar. In the bloodless battle
With shapeless, unseen power, man-created,
There is an act of many scenes unique
That future writers will make pictures of
In a new literature.

V.

The fifth act came
With a return to Kansas. Once again
By Smoky River and the Cimmaron,
To Black Hills and Bad Lands, this olden actor,
Who made his drama as he acted it,
Went with his backers. Soldiers and Indians
Enacted here—many who formerly
Had been participants and knew the facts—
The olden history, and it was made

In films for pictures, so the future might,
For the first time, see history as it was,
Enacted on the grounds, and by the people
Engaged originally in making it.
The marvel that recorded sound, put down
The Indian music ere it lost itself
Upon the white man's air, that it might live
When the old life was gone forevermore.
When Buffalo Bill is dead, he still will charge
In Kansas as though living; audiences
Not yet emerged from shadows of the future
Will look upon the past that moves before them.

Surely there is no drama more sublime
Or full of action than this is, no poem
More picturesque, suggestive of great things,
Than this, that needs no words, save as a frame
On which to hang the curtain of the play,
To make it great, with strong appeal to all.

THE SEVEN PLAGUES OF KANSAS.

Kansas may have her mansions now. At first
A furrow through the mat of prairie grass
Turned up material for the house of sod.
A little room half hidden in a draw

And roofed with marl served as a domicile
For the pioneer. There, with the waving stretch
Of prairie till the eye was lost in blue,
These builders of an empire in the desert
Spent solitary winters, glaring summers
And parching autumns. Buffaloes at times
Would wander to their doorways. Indians
Would pass and "how." Though the home-
stead law

Drew thousands from the east, the neighbors
often

Were miles away. When Colorado was
A Kansas county, and one school district covered
A fourth of what is now a mighty state.
A sod schoolhouse, from whose walls and the
roof

Grew asters and sunflowers, gave winter shelter
To boys and girls who studied to the rattle
Of reeds upon the house. Nature, appearing
Allied to her old friends, the Indians,
Used all her forces to drive from the region
The white invaders. Kansas had seven plagues
As Egypt had of old.

The first was war
That surged up from the south and east and met
On Kansas borders. Immigrants were turned
Back eastward by the southerners and they
From Dixie to the south by free state men.

The fierceness of the surge was such that many
Perished before it; and in turning back
The wave caught all the nation in its fury,
And on its crest foamed blood.

And after that
A second wave of war rolled from the west.
For twelve years Indians were conjured up
Before the waking and the sleeping thoughts
Of every Kansan. Twenty years of war
Without surcease was the experience
Of this state—something that no other state
Ever has known. The epithet that then
Was thrown at Kansas had the sting of truth,
For this *was* bleeding Kansas. But the plagues
Passed finally and hope rose.

Then came the drouth.

In 1867 the Kansas fever,
Running contagious over Illinois,
Turned thousands eager for the short grass
country.

It was a cattle country, but these men
Boasted that all it needed was to treat
The soil in proper way to reap returns
In bumper crops. The daring of the trial
On such a scale as covered half a state
Filled papers and the fancy of the people;
And as 'twas told how every quarter section
Was entered on, sod houses being built,

And many furrows turned and crops put in,
'Twas heralded as triumph of the daring.
When through the summer, though the days
 were hot,
The cool nights and good rains caused corn to
 grow
Luxuriant and darkly green, and there
Was prospect of stupendous crops, land agents
Made most of it and turned toward western
 Kansas
A mighty tide of immigrants. And then
The dust storms and hot winds came like a
 scourge.
The sun rose red and sullen. Then the winds
Filled all the air with clouds of whirling dust.
It penetrated every house and sifted
Upon the beds; the food upon the table,
Do all one night, was full of grit; one could
Not see a hundred feet; and mouth and lungs
Were filled with dirt, while all work stopped.
 The winds grew hot,
Withering the grass and leaves, making hand
And face smart with the hot peppering. For days
The storm continued. When it passed away,
The crops were gone; the loose soil, blown away,
Was piled in drifts where anything obstructed.
Cattle upon the pasture had been killed
And buried in the dust. There was not left

A sprig of green through all the sweltering waste;
And dirt was raked from houses with the hoe.
The boom collapsed. Thousands pulled up and
left,

Suffering the torments of the desert
Ere they escaped. The conqueror of nature
Had fallen before her when she roused herself.

Like Egypt, Kansas had her plague of grass-
hoppers.

They came in one day in a cloud that hid
The sun from view. They settled on the wheat
And ate each sprig. They passed into the corn
And not a blade was left. They piled so high
Upon the railroad tracks the trains were stalled.
Millions were killed but millions more remained.
Deprived of food by them, the pioneers
Learned to make soup of insects that devoured
Their living. The world was in amaze.
Then of a sudden all the grasshoppers
Arose and flew away. Where they went none
knew.

Some said it was a miracle, an answer
To prayer for their departure. Not since then
Has such a plague been known within the borders
Of Kansas.

The blizzard was the next plague.
Sweeping o'er plains that covered states, it came

With snow and wind. The stock caught on the
range

Was frozen. Here drifts were piled, and there
The prairie was swept clean. The air was filled
With peppering particles of frost. Though not
Snowbound, the people were shut in by cold.
Some on the road were frozen. It went out
That Kansas was so given to extremes
Of weather that full many who had thought
Of coming stayed away, and some abandoned
The claims they had and went back to the east.
Yet never since was there such cold extreme.

Cyclones came next. The twisters in an hour
Wrecked villages, and piled the country 'round
With debris and with death. They were the first
Tornadoes that were known, and Kansas won
A reputation as a dangerous state.

Harper, Wellington, Clifton, Seneca,
Became words in the east that stood as warning
Against the state of Kansas. Everywhere
Cellars were dug in which to hide away
From the devouring storm. Yet it was past,
The sixth plague over.

Came the seventh plague:
The rivers overflowed successive springs,
Neosho, Solomon, the Smoky Hill,
Saline and Kaw. Topeka was in whirl

Of loss and death. A score of cities felt
The wat'ry arm of death. The loss was so
severe

Appeal for help was made, and every state
Sent in relief. Since then the floods have been
But local and less dangerous. It seemed
The seven plagues were past, and though the
world

Still called this bleeding Kansas, it remained
And triumphed over all these strong attacks.
There are those who declare they were a judg-
ment

For broken faith with Indians. There are
Those who believe 'twas nature seeking so
To make adjustment and to heal the desert
That there might be a place for such as came.
Others insist that 'twas a weeding process,
Driving the timorous away that so
Kansas might have the choice, the true and tried.
Be these things as they may, the plagues turned
back

The tide of immigration that had set
Over the trails, not once, but many times.
And Kansas lived through all, and in the drama
Developed heroism that served well
For later work—perhaps the qualities
Which after led to the dramatic ways
Of doing things that kept the world agog.

DRAMA OF THE COW TOWNS.

There were such things to do, and they were
done

With such originality and dash

In Kansas, that the whole world looked and
gasped.

Witness, the handling of the cattle business.

I.

That the great plains from Kansas down to
Texas

Should be ranged by innumerable herds

Of ponies, buffaloes and mavericks

Was a strange fact not found in other lands

In any age. Fur dealers speedily

Wiped out the buffaloes. The Indians

And early settlers lassoed and broke in

The mustangs. The cattle numbered millions.

Lank, with their long horns, grazing on the
greasewood,

And miring in the waterholes, they were

The population of the wilderness,

Perhaps with a long history unwritten,

Spotted and speckled, wiry, with calves
Trotting beside them. It was their stringy
flesh,
Dried in the desert air and termed jerked beef,
That fed the first explorers on their journeys.
The age of branding mavericks and killing
The cattle needed constitutes the first
Act of a drama strange in many ways.

II.

When the first western railways passed through
Kansas,
And startling plans were made to market these
Wild cattle of the plains that cost men nothing,
Joseph G. McCoy drove down to Texas,
And ploughed a furrow up to Abilene,
Six hundred miles in length, as mark for those
Who wished to drive the cattle up for shipment.
They came in droves. The cowboys had before
Been roping steers and branding them. They
now
Rounded up herds and headed for the railroad,
Following the furrow that became a road.
Thousands in every herd, the herds so close
One to the other as they journeyed northward,
Each herdsman ever saw the one in front,
They sauntered 'mid the shout and vicious oath,

Through sage brush, cottonwood and muddy
ford,

On to the place of fate. At night they camped,
Killed a beef maverick and had their supper,
Then slept beneath the stars, with heads on
saddles,

Ropes coiled around to keep tarantulas
And snakes from them. By day they jogged
along,

Hands on the pommel and the feet in stirrup,
Lest the mustang should stumble in the hole
Of prairie dog or buck at sight of rabbit
Bounding away. They found few habitations.
But here and there a ranch was seen with house
Like some baronial castle. 'Mid such romance,
More strange than any Canterbury tales
Or adventurous crusade of olden knights,
They drew through strange mirage and thirsty
tale

To the new town Abilene.

III.

Never was there city
Like this cow town. The cattle came so fast
The trains could not convey them to the city,
And herds were grazing on the prairie near,
Awaiting turn for marketing. Within,

Saloons and dives and gambling houses ran
All day and night. Things surely were wide
open,

For Kansas then was wet, yes, sopping wet—
Faro and poker and shell games were going
Without surcease. Women were everywhere,
Hardened and leading in the ways of sin,
Madam Moustache, Lonna Paquita and others.
Sometimes a drunken cowboy would shoot up
The town. Sometimes they'd quarrel and kill.
The daily papers came of type peculiar
To the new age. Greeley and others printed
The story of the cow towns—for Wichita,
Dodge City, and some others came to share
Wild glory of old Abilene—and Europe
Copied the stories and held off aghast.

IV.

Marshals were tried, to keep disorder down,
But they were playfully run out of town.
Then Hickox came, hair streaming down his
shoulders,
Moustaches dropped, with steady eye of grey,
And, being quicker on the trigger than
Any of the bad men, soon brought death
To many and then respect for law and order.
Wild Bill became a hero. Beadle's writers

Pictured him and his many imitators
 In sturdy fights and wild adventures that
 Made them ideals of a generation
 Who woke to read the wondertales of action.
 Blood and thunder tales the people called them.
 If there was not a killing in each chapter
 The million eager boys who learned from them
 Desire to go west and slaughter bad men,
 Flagged in their interest. Not only was
 This a new literature that had a place
 Because 'twas virile, but it came to earth,
 The first cheap literature, the first boy tales
 Save of the goody goody kind that had been
 known.

When the strange herds that nature had supplied

Had passed, their long horns tossing as they
 went,

And the wild cow towns ceased with them to be,
 Then Beadle's novels were no longer found;

And yet they formed a mould from which was
 cast

A cheap and virile line of books.

V.

The taming

Of the cow towns was fatal to them. But they
 built

The packing houses in the cities, turning
Production of the nation's meat to few.
Perhaps the building of the slaughter cities
That flourished after the cow towns had waned,
Until they ruled the foodstuff of the world,
Is the fifth act of the great cow town drama.
Again the tragedy, half comic, had
Extended beyond Kansas till it touched
All people in the world. Once more it came,
With new type, killing with the great machine,
Embracing workers of all tongues and races,
Raw on the stage, but mighty in their deeds.

They pass as real things, but may come again
As shadows that still hover in the pages
Of a new literature they may inspire,
And as strange living creatures quick
To come and go within the realm of th' mind.

THE BOOMER DAYS.

What a great story might a Dickens write
Of boomer days!

I.

Here is the background:
A civil war soldier, then a legislator,

Then scout in Indian uprising, last
A clerk in some Washington department—
This man, a Captain Payne—thought he discovered

That in the Indian territory land,
Which had been ceded to the government
By the Creek Indians and by the freedmen,
Was unallotted, subject to homestead.

II.

Forthwith he gathered a great company,
And, starting from the borderland of Kansas,
And marching into Indian territory,
They squatted on the lands. The government
Sent troops and dispossessed them. In six
months

He with another company marched in
And took possession of the coveted lands.
Again the troops were sent to drive them out.

III.

But this time all the papers rang with it,
And Oklahoma Boomers, as they were
Termed, were the world's jest. For four years
Each six months did the captain lead his army
From Kansas to the Indian territory,

And every time the federal government
Sent armies to dislodge him. None can say
How long the farce had had its popular run
Had not the captain suddenly expired
Of heart disease. But after he was dead,
And his discovery had gained the ear
Of the whole people through persistent work
Of this ridiculous nature, congress acted
And authorized the opening of the strip.

IV.

Then that begun as a spectacular farce
Ended in action as spectacular
And farcical as it had had beginning.
It was the first "run" for a promised land.
From every section, in tremendous numbers
Prospective settlers gathered on the margin
Of Kansas, troops in charge. Before the run
'Twas needful to again arrest the boomers
Who had a last time squatted on the land.
At given signal all were off. They raced,
And he who grabbed a flag upon a claim
Became a winner. There was comedy
And tragedy, for only one in ten
Who made the race had chance to get a claim.
Though soldiers raced with them to maintain
order,

Many were slain, and some who risked their all
Were left with nothing. After it was over
Towns were built up as 'twere within a night,
And a new state was born as in a day.

V.

And there were other runs. From the left wing
Of Kansas, the world's stage, they madly raced
To No Man's Land and to the Cherokee strip,
And this swept from the stage as though it were
Within a day a fourth the population
Of Kansas. Many towns were ruined.
It was another tragedy. However,
It gave the worker and the penniless
Another opportunity and in the end
Was a great social move that from despair
Brought brightness in a way none might foresee.
The boomer who had found the opening
Persistently was left with empty hands,
Gazing on those who toiled not yet who won.
How true to ways of men the tragedy
That was half comedy!

From this came
Two words that are like poems in themselves,
Squatter and boomer. The world adopts them,
So recognizing the great drama of it.

Bought for a trifle, the promoter sold
Thousands of lots, in England. Over men
flocked,

Leaving 'mid fluttering flags and cheers of many,
Children of nobles joining the adventure.

After long journeying by sea and land
They found their town—without a single house,
With a sole tree to mark the site. In spite
Of this discouragement, they hoped the railroad
Would come and make a city; so one summer
They camped at Runnymede, the houseless
city,

Playing at cricket and the English games,
With steeplechase and racing. English youths,
Feeling themselves a part of Kansas wilds,
And barely able to cling to the deck
Of cuyuse by the use of arms and legs,
Affected western costumes and filled belts
With guns and knives that rattled as they
walked.

When summer ended, word came from the lords
In England that the young nobles must return,
And a great farewell ball was planned. One
youth

Became so drunk they placed him in his bed
Within a tent and danced on. Suddenly
There was a cry of fire. The tent was burned,
With the young lordling in it. Runnymede,

The town that never was a town, pulled stakes,
And in a day there was no sign of it.

II.

A wooden-nutmeg man, who'd cleared a fortune
From sale of "hop bitters," came to Kansas,
Laid out an irrigating ditch and sold
Contracts for water till he made a showing,
Then capitalized the unditched ditch for millions.
He sold the stock in England at face value,
So cleaning up a full half million. Soule,
Promoter of the scheme, projected now
A railroad, and bought up sufficient votes
To give his town of Montezuma prestige
As county seat. Seventy men appeared,
Banded together to dispose of votes
To turn the tide, agreeing to obtain
Ten thousand dollars for the seventy.
Cimmaron pitched in to head off Soule.
A bond was given to deliver cash
After the vote was cast. At the election
Cimmaron won; and then the bondsmen
 laughed,
Telling the seventy they had the votes
And that the bond was fraudulent. In spite
Of this discouragement for Soule, the railroad
Touched Montezuma, and the village flourished
Till Soule expired. Then the company

Ceased running trains into the town. The
people

Arose one night and carried off the rails,
The ties, the stations, bridges. So avenged,
The townsite was abandoned.

III.

Greenwood City,

On promise that it should secure the Fifth
Standard Parallel railroad (whate'er that was),
Sprang like a mushroom in the Verdigris valley
To a surprising liveliness. The cowboys
From the surrounding country visited
The growing city in their rowdyism,
And popping guns kept time to ceaseless music
Of dance halls. Some shorthorn* intimated
The town should have a Sunday school. The
cowboys

Swore they would perforate the first galoot
Who misbehaved; but when it was proposed
To hold it in the afternoon, they murmured,
Declaring that they wished to get drunk then.
Then 'twas discovered that the man
Who had disposed of all the city lots,
And who had been made mayor for this service,

*Shorthorn—A term used to indicate cattle not indigenous to the west, an easterner.

Never had title to them. Citizens
Placed him upon a rail and carried him
Across the ford and out of town. Where they
Dumped him he staked a claim and stuck, and
grew
Respectable and wealthy. Greenwood City,
Without foundation left, crumbled to ruins.

IV.

On the stage road near Indian creek they built
The town of Indianola. The show place
Was a big hotel, timbered and weatherboarded
In walnut. Between the rooms up stairs
Ran a great hall full twenty feet in width,
And there the balls that were the neighborhood's
Events were held, while guests in cubby holes
Were kept awake by shuffling of the feet.
Citizens secured a survey of a railroad
Through Indianola, and because it missed
Topeka it was thought that Indianola
Would overshadow and destroy its rival.
Sure of the road, farmers cut ties and hauled
them—
And then a new survey was made that missed
Indianola but took in Topeka.
This was a blow that ended all their hopes.
The farmers hauled the ties away and built

Corn cribs of them; and after one farewell
Dance in the great hotel, the citizens
Moved all the houses to Topeka, save
The big hotel, which stood for years alone,
Until it crumbled 'neath the teeth of time.

V.

Sumner was a city that arose
So suddenly amid the hills and woods
It seemed a work of magic; but behind
It was the entire east that wished to build
A free town that should overtop the city
Of Atchison. Above it Pardee Butler
Lifted his hands with prophecy of time
When it would grow fat while the "upper
 landing,"

Where he, apostle of the cause of freedom,
Had been the victim of a coat of tar,
Should sleep forever in dishonored grave.
The town was nurse of greatness. Ingalls there
Began his meteoric flight. There Wood,
Who afterward gained fame for reapers, wrought,
Repairing wagons. There also lived Lovejoy,
Later the martyr. But the railroad came
To Atchison and sealed the doom of Sumner.
Scarce had this influence set against the town,
Before a mighty storm fell and destroyed

A score of houses in the stricken city.
The people, half fanatical, took this
To mean the curse of God, and speedily
Tore down their houses, dug foundations up,
And scattered through the west. Upon the hills
The grass and forest came to hide away
The evidence of man; and naught remains
Save cropping pavements here and there, below
The Grand Detour, to show the romance written
By hard work in the Kansas rocks.

These are
Volumes of life laid on the shelf and covered
With dust and mold; Kansas is a library
Of these unwritten and forgotten tales.

THE PERSISTENT EDITOR.

There is no stranger nor more picturesque
Character in American history
Than the old country editor who so
Believed in his town that he made men think
It was the center of the earth, and by
Persistent faith gave it a place and power.

I.

Superlative of these was William Gilpin,

Who in an early day was editor
At Independence, near the western border
Of old Missouri. Gilpin carefully
Worked out a theory that all big cities
Came in a thermal zone, and that there must
Be one great central city in this land
On the Missouri, where the tide turned east.
So well he argued that his fellow townsmen
Were satisfied that he was right. To prove
Their faith in him, they platted all the ground
To the Missouri river, four miles off.
Gilpin they sent to Washington and New York
To interest both capital and men.
Dignified Senator Benton heard his story
And told the major that he had discovered
A great social law; Daniel Webster heard
And thought him mad with learning. But so
long
Th' enthusiast lingered, talking theories,
That when he went back to his town and paper
The people had grown cold.

II.

No whit discouraged,
Gilpin insisted that if Independence
Was not to be the west's metropolis,
Some village near would necessarily

Secure the honor, for the laws of nature
Proved it was so. When, therefore, Westport
Landing,
Where Kansas river joined with the Missouri,
Asked for a charter, Gilpin said it was
To be the "future great," and with vast learning
Confuted all who had temerity
To question it. He ev'n prevailed on those
Who laid the city out to lay foundation
Broad as the need required, and take in
Westport and Independence. "Where," said
he,
"The great Missouri, after southerly course
Of thirty hundred miles, receives the waters
Of Kansas river, then turns sharply east,
All natural lines of travel centering
Must build the mightiest city of the land."
With his grandiloquence and ready facts,
Culled from two universities, he won
The faith of many learned.

III.

The common people
Took it for granted that he spoke the truth
And rushed to make their fortunes with a guess
As to the center of the coming city.
Where the first railroad ended, and the stage

Took up the burden of a growing commerce,
Wayne City 'rose with towering ambition;
And Gilpin Town, its rival, vied with it
In reckless building, until all the land
Between them had been platted, and wide
streets

And boulevards were made the talking features
Of pioneer promoters. Livingstone
Outshone them both—on paper; and its railroad,
Which never got beyond the paper stage,
Lent it advantages that made its rivals
Bitter in warfare. But th' Seminole war
Attracted its promoter to the field
And it had never building. Gilpin Town and
Wayne
Fared better, but they after ceased to be.

IV.

Where Fort Osage housed troops for the defense
Of pioneers from Indiana, Sibley
Arose with great ambition, flourished long,
And then declined, until it ceased to be
On the old site, forming a new town
A mile or more away. While it existed
It was a scene of warfare. Finally
Its great warehouses, and all the stores,
And half the dwellings were destroyed by fire

Kindled by federal troops. This was the end
Of many dreams of greatness. On the state line
'Twixt Kansas and Missouri, where the trail
Led toward old Santa Fe, there was projected
The town of Santa Fe 'mid rich surroundings
Of unexampled beauty. It became the center
Of border warfare ere the civil strife,
And was successively the victim of
Jayhawkers and Red Legs; and afterward
Outlaws made it a rendezvous. It passed,
With all its history and dreams of greatness,
Though a new Santa Fe still has existence.
Quindaro, Harlem, Randolph Bluff and Weston,
Kickapoo and Satan had their day,
And, at the very outposts of the city
Which after rose upon the clayey bluffs
To world-wide prominence, dreamed of a time
When they should be the centers of a great
Traffic and commerce. They were mushrooms
Grown from rich fancy of an editor.

V.

Yet with it all, that country editor
Proved he was almost right. Perhaps the
future
May show him wholly so. For Westport Landing

Grew into Kansas City; only, it
Climbed up the rugged hills instead of branching
To take in on the level Independence,
And reached out 'cross the state line and became
Partly a Kansas product. Whether it was force
Of a great idea talked persistently,
Or whether Gilpin's theory was right
And 'twas predestined that the central city
Of the mid-continent should grow near there,
Is yet to be determined. But the city,
Given the name of Kansas in a flash,
Determined later the state's name as Kansas.
Why is it Kansas and not Platte or Kaw,
Pawnee, Quivera, Cibola, Quindaro
Or Waukarusa, seeing all these names
Had been suggested for the sunflower state?
The answer is, a country editor
Determined it, and his persistency
Had made him master of the fate of states

And then to think that he has been forgotten!
The world knows not the people who had made
it;

But like a bishop who with ceremony
Lays a church cornerstone and gets the credit,
While he who really lays the stone is scarce
Marked or rewarded, so the great of earth

Are merely the pretenders who secured
The world's eye and applause, while those who
gave
It good and glory are forgotten by it.

MOVING COUNTY SEATS.

In western Kansas entire towns were moved.
Ulysses, named for the great traveler
Of Homer's day, discovered that it was
Upon a site belonging to a railroad.
The burden of two hundred thousand dollars
Asked by the company to clear the titles
Was greater than the thousand people living
In sparsely settled territory cared
To longer bear. One night a moving outfit
With many traction engines reached the town.
The courthouse, schoolhouse, church and stores
and dwellings
Were jacked up, placed on rollers, and then
moved.
The church led off, pulled by a traction engine,
Pastor and people singing gospel hymns.
Then came the printing office, which turned
out,
With western enterprise, while on the road,

A special number, telling of the move.
The jail brought up the rear, the sheriff sitting
Guard over prisoners. They moved at night,
And in the morning owners of the land
Discovered that the houses they had hoped
To rake in under mortgage had escaped
To free land.

Ulysses moved again,
Capping the Iliad with Odyssey.
The Santa Fe, in straightening its tracks
Over the level country, pulled away
From several country seats, but offered sites
Free, one to Ulysses. The twentieth
Century saw the last move. 'Twas made a fete,
In each case, business going on
About the courthouse, crawling through the
country
Of short grass, and the country customer
Riding along transacting, dickering
With slowly crawling store. One town included
Two thousand people, moving twenty miles.

The first great fight to gain the county seat—
A contest that made Kansas stand unique
Before the world—occurred in Stevens county.
Hugoton and Woodsdale sought the honor.
The sheriff from Woodsdale with several men
Went into No Man's Land, and coming on

A camp of men who harvested wild hay,
Lay down to sleep. Here fourteen men, well
armed,
Came up from Hugoton. A battle followed,
And four men with the sheriff lost their lives.
A regiment of state militia hurried
To Stevens county. Hugoton's supporters
Were brought to trial, but it was shown that
Kansas
Lacked jurisdiction where the fight occurred.
And Hugoton was given the courthouse
By the impartial judge who heard the cause.
Woodsdale became a waste. Then after years
Fate, in the railroad that left Hugoton
And passed the former site of Woodsdale,
brought
Dramatic ending to the former war,
For Hugoton was bodily moved and set
On site of the old rival it had slain.
Thus did the railroad overrule the court.

Nickeltown, which one time hoped to be
The county seat of Woodson, lost its fight,
And one by one the families moved away,
Abandoning their shacks and even the stores,
Till finally three families remained,
And three alone, amid a score of buildings.
With Kansas sense of humor, the three men

Maintained their city government, electing
Themselves to office, so that each of them
Possessed a title, though all salaries
Had been abandoned. Woman suffrage came,
And all the men desiring to be mayor,
The wives united 'gainst them, and elected
Themselves as the important officers,
Leaving the men out. Then, with womanly
pity,
They made new offices and gave their hubbies
Inferior positions in the town.
It was the only city in the world
Where all the citizens had offices.

Richfield and Frisco in an early day
Contended to be capital of Morton.
Each hired men to boom its population,
And marksmen to patrol the town's outskirts
And pick off any who might in some way
Take an advantage to destroy the prospects
Of the aspiring burg. Richfield won,
And built a courthouse all of stone, a marvel
In a plains county where there was no railroad.
Then came the opening of the Cherokee strip.
They left in wagon, horseback and on foot.
In one day population of the county
Shrank from five thousand to five hundred.
Then

The courthouse stood a glory on the plains.
Its spacious courtroom on the second floor
Became a roost for pigeons. Only part,
The less pretentious part, was needed then,
And it, like genteel poverty, looked bare
Amid its finery. Where is there a tale
More full of strange romance than this of Rich-
field.

DRAMA OF THE DESERT.

The work of building Kansas was a job
Of setting pyramid of a great state
On desert sand, and by manipulating
Healing the land and making commonwealths.

I.

They who had come in numbers from the east
Awoke to find the crops that had looked well
Were suddenly withered. Half the population
Went back, declaring that the state was hope-
less.

Then they began to irrigate with wells.
The windmill, pumping water for the fields,

Became a mark of Kansas. Trees were set,
 Because it had been said that trees will bring
 The rain again. Crops were hurried through
 Before the drouth of summer had arrived.
 This gained a foothold on the desert. Then
 The men who stayed fought inch by inch their
 way,
 Losing, but never yielding, till at last
 They made enough to live on.

II.

Kansas then

Officially considered irrigation,
 Giving the waters of the streams for use
 To such as needed. Dams and pumps and
 sluices
 Began to do their work. And other states,
 Learning from Kansas, took up irrigation,
 Till the Arkansas, once a mighty stream,
 Was through its length diverted into ditches
 Until it grew a ribbon. Then began
 A humorous contest. Many Kansans sued
 People of Colorado, to prevent them from
 Using the head waters of the river;
 While Kansans on the other hand were sued
 By residents of Arkansaw to stop
 Spoiling the river for use of boats.

Later, the underground river that was fabled
To flow through Kansas, from the early days
When Coronado sought the treasure cities
Of the old Aztecs, was indeed discovered
In the Missouri sandstone sloping southward
From the Dakotas accurately charted,
And made available for irrigation,
So that the water underneath in time
Will heal the desert that was on the surface.

III.

But Kansans did not rest content with this.
Dry farming was devised; the soil prepared
In certain way held moisture to feed crops;
And this process became available
For saving millions yearly. Others sowed
Alfalfa, the new crop that struck its roots
Deep in earth and drank the moisture there;
And this did wonders so that all men marveled.
The subsoil near the top was dynamited
To let the moisture in and work it up
To actual soil. These various methods new;
The old planting of the trees; the wells
And irrigation, all combined to heal
The desert, and the land became a great
Producer of big crops.

IV.

A fourth act.

They sought wealth underneath the soil. They
thought

Of coal, not gas, and when the gas was found,
They plugged the hole, considering it a failure.
For fifteen years 'twas so. Then Indiana
Began to do great things with natural gas,
And the old well was opened, coming in
With roar as of a hundred locomotives.
Cities sprang up like magic, light and heat
Supplied from this source. But the show was
climaxed

When mid-road candidate for vice-president
Visited the gas field and ten million cubic
Feet of the gas was burned to honor him.

V.

The fifth act came with romance of the oil.
Boring for gas they came upon the oil,
Developing great pools that suddenly
Made wealth for many. 'Twas a sensation
Before the greater pools of Oklahoma
Were brought in. None will ever know
The personal romance of the oil. It was
The wonder worker of Aladdin's lamp,
Building great palaces in but a night

And changing fishermen to millionaires.
The Kansas romance has become a part
Of th' nation's greater romance that built up
The greatest fortunes earth has ever known,
Changed politics, brought class war, led to
tyrants
And international complications.

This,

Combining several acts into one drama,
Shows how a commonwealth was built upon
The desert, and how man has conquered
Nature and adverse circumstance. It is
A drama of achievement, full of romance.

THE KANSAS REBELLION.

After the war the devastated south
Arose in new rebellion at exactions
Placed on the farmer. The Wheel of protest
rolled
Through many states, and an Alliance came
To better the condition of the farmer.

I.

Then Kansas, stricken by her seven plagues

And out of heart, resourceful to the last,
Joined forces with her ancient enemy,
The South, and with her 'rose to fight the evils
That she in youthful energy had fostered.
It was a fitting finish to the fight,
A rightful closing to her great war drama,
Beginning with her birth. But Kansas always
Was both dramatic and original,
And to the movement gave a certain twist
That made it comedy and tragedy
And carried it through years. She forced it out
To the political arena—one
In jeans and rough boots, 'mid the champions
Who had the bearing of the cavalier.
There followed agitation picturesque,
Such as not even America had known.
Farmers turned orators, and caricature
Did not affect them. Clodhoppers wrote,
Confuting in the papers legal lights
Who hitherto had dominated things.
The schoolhouse turned a forum of discussion.
Picnics and barbecues were the camp meetings
Of this revival. Everywhere they planned
To overthrow the Ring, and always won.
If any flouted them, they turned their trade
To other sources that would promise more,
And won o'er enemies and for themselves.
To beat the middleman they in few years

Built up their stores and wide cooperatives,
Greater than other nations ever did.

II.

The movement spread. No longer limited,
It swept the west. At Omaha they met,
Near Kansas' border, and on July 4th,
They formulated such demands as were
Points of contention for full thirty years
In every party. Wall street, which had taken
The gifts of land and grown so great thereby
It ruled the nation and despised the west,
Sneered and was angry. But, from being
despised,

They captured counties and the legislatures
And put their men in congress. Before this
Women had been a jest in politics.

Now Mrs. Emery, with voice and pen,
Stirred the whole nation; Mary Ellen Lease
Stumped Kansas, and the seasoned politician
Learned to be wary of her. The sneering In-
galls,

Brilliant in epigram, awoke one day
To find a Populist with blue-black beard
Had pushed him from the senate seat. What
mattered

That whiskered Peffer was the butt of jests,

So long as he had power? What Populist
Chagrined was that his champion was termed
The sockless Jerry Simpson, when he stood
In congress for the principles he loved?
The farmers laughed and beat all arguments.

III.

It became needful now to head them off.
They were induced to fuse, first here, then there,
And ever were they weakened. Though there
 'rose
Mid Roaders, looking not to right or left,
The leaders in convention, where the rank
And file was hot with anger, turned them to
Another party for the single issue
Based on the so-called crime of seventy-three,
Namely, the demonetization of silver.
It was a great campaign that Bryan waged.
Perhaps there never was in history
Another like it. Then for the first time
A presidential candidate went forth
To every state to canvass. Interest
Was so intense it had strong passion in it,
And every corner witnessed knots of men
Both night and day discussing issues that
Had been proposed by Populists.

IV.

At last
The issue failed. The Populists dissolved,
And their cooperatives went to pieces.
Wall street with sneer arranged the mighty
 mergers,
And capitalized the earning power of
The country, to compel all to tribute.
Yet still the leaven of the new ideas
Wrought in the nation. It took thirty years
For the demands made by the Populists
To work into the being of the nation;
But in despite of ridicule they pressed
Till laughter froze on faces of the dead,
And in the second generation they
Were wrought in fact. How Wall street one time
 laughed
At the initiative and referendum!
Yet after three decades the interests
Suddenly grew sober. It was so amusing
That Kansas should let women vote on ques-
 tions
Pertaining to the school; but politicians
In time considered it was serious
When state by state gave suffrage full to them.
The income tax was such a joke the courts
Ruled it unconstitutional; but time

Wrote it in an amendment to that paper.
Election of the senators by vote
Of the whole people was impertinence;
But the nation came to it. 'Twas next to treason
To criticise old methods—in one year
The standpat party was rebuked so strongly
That it was changed.

V.

Meanwhile in Kansas
Came a new radicalism. There a paper
Bold for the new world-movement, Socialism,
Gained circulation past political papers
Of any sort, in any land. Its readers
Counted it honor to solicit for it,
Without a penny of remuneration.
A new and startling political wave
Rolling from Kansas swept athwart the land.
New things politically came. They charged
For hearing speeches, and had auditors.
They gave free dances to the couples that
Would first hear exposition of the theme
They were promoting. Whatever may be
thought
Of the new idea, whatever be the outcome
Of agitation that has but begun,
'Twas a new way of doing things, as Kansas

Has always instituted, and it was a fitting
Conclusion of the long fight begun
A generation earlier. It has
Already changed the nation, and the world
Has looked on from the start and still stands
 gaping,
Wondering at what shall be the outcome.

So led the Kansans in the fight for change,
And though there was grotesqueness in the
 movement,
That was redeemed by honest earnestness;
And the great fight has grown into a drama,
Like Lincoln, humorous in solemnity,
And playful in its intense purpose, great
Beyond the showy things that people praise.

THE LEGISLATIVE WAR.

When the Republicans were overthrown
And Populism took the saddle, it
Was hard for the rough-riding champion
Of early days to yield.

I.

Representatives

Of the Republican side could not endure
To see a Populist speaker in the chair
They therefore made a Douglas champion
And tried to seat him. For a night the two—
Populist Dunsmore and Republican
Douglas—attempted to possess the desk.
Personally friendly, they slept together
Under one blanket, on the floor behind
The desk, each with a gavel in his hand.
The Populist governor recognized, of course,
Dunsmore the Populist. Then for some days
On opposite sides of the same room they sat,
Each house with speaker of its own, attempting
To transact business for the state. A scene
So ludicrous, yet full of smouldering passion,
It would be hard for fiction to imagine,
And Kansas only could have bodied forth
A situation like it.

II.

The Douglas house

Arrested now one of the other house,
Because he would not recognize its mandate,
And brought the matter to the Supreme court.
Later, it seized the chief clerk of the Dunsmores,

But after a sharp scuffle, he escaped.
Not only Kansas, but the entire country
Was now agog over the stirring drama
Playing about Topeka. When th' governor
Ordered the militia to clear the hall
Of Douglas men, the world sat still, expecting
A tragedy.

III.

The Dunsmore men at night
Slept in the house, with barricaded doors.
The following morning Douglas and his house
Appeared in force, o'erpowered the outer guards,
Smashed in the doors, drove out the Dunsmore
house,
And took possession. The governor now
Ordered artillery and gattling guns
From Wichita. The sheriff of the county,
Declaring that he was custodian
Of peace in that locality, allied
Himself with deputies of Douglas house
And aided to bring victuals through th' lines
During the siege that followed.

IV.

The Governor ordered
Head of the state militia to clean out

The hall of representatives. He laughed,
Declaring that he would not. Afterward
He was courtmartialed and dismissed from
service,

But that helped nothing in the time of stress.
Defeated in this effort, Governor Lewellyn
Asked that the hall be turned into his hands
And was ignored. A citizens' committee
Besought the Douglas house to yield and so
Avert a bloody issue, but the sons
Of those who had engaged in border warfare
Heard with indifference, defying all.

V.

At last the court decided in the favor
Of the Republicans—Republican judges
Favoring them, as Populist Governor
Favored the Populist house. Hearing this
The Dunsmore house, though in majority,
Yielded, and, headed by its officers,
Bearing the nation's flag, marched to the hall
And was received. Then all its officers
Became submissive to Republican rule.

So ended the great legislative war,
A drama that was near a tragedy,

Turned to a farce—a drama that the world
Witnessed through medium of the telegraph
And type, with wonder—such a drama as
Could not find place in any other state.

THE KANSAS PRESS.

Kansas was founded on the printing press.
Her ramparts are half paper, constantly
Renewed and strengthened, till they have be-
come
Impregnable; her siege guns, linotypes,
Manned by the printer and the editor.
Through early stress and storm the tender plant
Of the great state was kept from death because
'Twas wrapped in paper.

I.

They came to plant the state
From all the southland, and as they emerged
At the selected site of Leavenworth,
To their surprise they saw, 'neath elm tree,
A printing press, with tympan in the breeze
Serving as flag for the new commonwealth,
And type in printers' hands as seed wherewith

To feed the people. Before there was a house
Nearer than thirty miles, the enterprising
Editor was pulling off an issue
On his old Washington. Thus did he give
Occasion for the motto of the state,
Ad astra per aspera.

II.

But the whole nation
Turned toward the western star that had arisen
Upon the grassy dusk, and sent its wise men
With frankincense and myrrh to do it honor.
The town of Lawrence in the east was framed,
Designed to stand for freedom, and transferred
Through many creeping miles to Kansas plains
At foot of Oread. Before there was a house
Two papers, that had issued their first numbers
In distant states in hope of being first,
Began their work in tents. Thus both the south
And north with their invading armies came
With printing presses as their armament.

III.

And there was war. The ablest editors
The east and south afforded came to Kansas,
And set a new pace for the nation's papers,
Breezy and very local in their tone.

To Leavenworth and Lawrence they drew fire,
And mobs destroyed the presses that had spoken
So freely and so strongly, while the east
And south became the partisans of men
Who fought with type in Kansas.

IV.

Within two years
From time that the first paper was established
Under the elm at Leavenworth, the press
Had grown to twenty presses, and the readers
Of Kansas papers exceeded th' population
By many fold; for in the east and south
Were thousands who were anxious to acquire
First hand a knowledge of how things were
faring
In the world's battlefield. Within two months
One paper got a list of seven thousand.
The Kansas press was like an opera glass
Through which the nation gazed upon the stage
Where a great drama was in progress. But
The tragedy was acted to the end;
And as the audience lingered, gazing still
On Kansas for an afterpiece, the press,
Spokesman of the people, adequate rose
With comedy to ease the passion down
And make the nation glad.

V.

'Twas th' Kansas press
That told the world of Colorado gold
And set the nation pouring to the west,
Crying, "Pike's peak or bust." Rumor had
come

To Kansas of the finding of the gold,
But it was not confirmed. The editors
Feared to report it, lest it prove untrue,
And, in the playful manner of the times,
They should be called on for the penalty
Of telling falsehoods with a necktie party.
But news was scarce. An editor at Fort Scott
Tossed up a coin to find by it if he
Should print the rumor. The coin fell for the
peak,

The story was sent out, and through the east
It ran like wild fire, making Colorado,
Out of a Kansas county, a great state.

From that day to the present, when the nation
Grew weary of the bromides of the east,
It turned to Kansas papers for the word
That should be fresh and cause it to again
Find zest and hope in life. It has been so
From *Non-Conformist* days to when it gave
Girard a place upon the world's map, and

From William Allen White to Arthur Capper.
Kansas so much admires her printing press
That in the state historical archives
She has bound volumes of nine-tenths her papers
From their inception—a collection greater
Than any state or nation in the world.

DRAMA OF PROHIBITION.

There was another drama played itself
On stage of Kansas while the watching world
Laughed loudly, then grew serious and followed
The course of its events.

I.

First in the west,
The state prohibited the liquor traffic.
At that time the saloon ran politics.
In every town headquarters of all parties
Were in saloons. When Kansas closed them
down
Brewers and distillers seemed to think
The act impertinent, and arrogantly
Arose defiant of the law. The joint

Was given encouragement. In spite of fines,
 Imprisonment and open condemnation,
 Booze parlors flourished. Where they were sup-
 pressed,
 Bootleggers and blind tigers took their places.
 The national traffic centered all its guns
 On Kansas, and for years the people laughed
 At war that followed, as 'twere humorous
 To think of making the saloon obey
 The mandates of the law and decency.
 But in the work men grew most serious
 And passion raged. It was a slap stick stunt
 That set the nation roaring, yet that hurt
 Those who received the blows. Some men de-
 clared
 That prohibition was a great success,
 And others that it lamentably failed.

II.

'Twas at this point that Carrie Nation came,
 Bringing a laugh with every stroke she made.
 With hatchet armed, she strode into the joints,
 Broke mirrors and smashed bottles. Officers
 Would not arrest her, since the business
 Was outlaw; and the men would hang outside
 To see that bodily injury was not done.
 The crusade spread. The hatchet made its fame

Beyond the Washington hatchet. Women in
bands

Broke up the joints in every part of Kansas,
Kneeling upon the floors, with sawdust strewn,
And praying as the tipsy toppers laughed.
With hatchets heading in the kegs and barrels
They turned the liquors in the gutters. Then
Law triumphed. The saloon was beat in Kansas.

III.

This serious comedy became a farce
When Carrie Nation went to other states,
Telling of her crusade and selling hatchets.
Yet in the very guffaw of delight
The world was sobered to behold the drama
Taking a serious turn and passing on
Into the audience. Throughout the south
State after state adopted prohibition.
Though the cursed traffic under federal license
And through the mails attempted to defeat
State laws, and did extend to certain places
Insidious influence; though it used the women
Of foreign birth that had been brought to break
The back of labor here, in selling liquor;
And though the jails that otherwise were empty
Were filled with violators of the law
Of prohibition, even women being imprisoned,

Still was the public won from the support
Of the damned business, till the world no longer
Laughed at the pretentions of bartenders
Of being above the law or will of men.
The power of the saloon in politics
Was broken, and a healthier sentiment
Followed for reform in other lines,
Sweeping the nation as a lake is swept
By the persistent breeze.

So did the farce
Become a drama with the unities
Complete in action and a work was done
That made a serious change, turning the farce
Into a dignified play.

DRAMA OF THE EXODUSTERS.

I.

A negro preacher went among his people,
Declaring they were slaves though not in chains,
And saying that they should, like Israel
In leaving Egypt, pull from Tennessee,
And find their home in Kansas, promised land,
In which the war for their deliverance

Had origin. He did not put it so,
But in imagination of the hearers
It took on bigger form, coming as a warning
From the Almighty. The message spread,
And they who could afford the fare set out
By rail for Kansas. Some who could not, drove
Old plugs to rickety wagons. Others walked.
The exodus became a picturesque
Race movement of the poor and ignorant.
It gained the spotlight and the world looked on.
By rail, by boat, by wagon and on foot
They came with nothing, but they did not care;
The people gave them goods. From other states
Free gifts were sent to them.

II.

They took up ~~claims~~
And founded Nicodemus, named in honor
Of the old slave proclaiming the crusade.
In all the settlement there were three horses,
Yet men with hoes and mattocks dug the soil
And put out wheat and many other crops,
Spurred by the thought of being truly free.
When harvest came, because they had no tools
Nor money to procure them, with their hands
They pulled the wheat, and beat it out with
flails,

Glad in the thought that freedom lay beyond.
There never was a movement more heroic,
Never a people simpler in their faith.

III.

But they had not the means for wintering,
And Kansas winters were more rigorous
Than they had known in Southern Tennessee.
The men walked to more populous eastern districts,
And on to Colorado, seeking work,
The women staying to hold down the claims.
There never was a more heroic fight
To get along; but it was all in vain.
The negroes stayed, but not entirely free.
They moved to towns, and, settling in the suburbs,
Lived by odd jobs and menial tasks. They were
Slaves even in Kansas. The exodus
Led to the wilderness, not to the land
Flowing with milk and honey, and their own.
What poem, what a romance (not in words,
For words can ne'er be either) in the life
As one time lived, and in imagination
That makes the past live over at one's will.

THE JAYHAWKERS.

It was a boys' crusade as picturesque
As that which once sought old Jerusalem
That fixed on Kansas pseudonym—Jayhawker.
A pioneering party, all of youths,
Left Illinois in days of the gold fever,
And pushed toward California, the golden,
Calling themselves "Jayhawkers of '49."
The hardships they endured are past belief.
They entered for the first time for white men
Into Death's Valley, and but few escaped.
Their hardihood was such that Kansas caught
The spirit of it. When her pioneers,
Made up of hardy youths who sought adventure,
Arose to fight the battles of the free
And keep out slavery, the name they chose,
The name that afterward attached itself
To every Kansan, was the word, Jayhawker.
When Kansas set herself to found great schools,
And laid foundations for a mental state
That towers high, the university
Adopted as its characteristic yell:
 "Rock chalk,
 Jay Hawk,
 K. U."

Jayhawker was a cry that rang throughout
The nation during stress of civil war.
And when the war with Spain was at its height,
And an intrepid Kansan led the fight
That ended when Amillo Aguinaldo
Fell into Kansas hands in th' Philippines,
Kansans swam over a swift forest stream
And fixed a rope by which the following troops
Might ferry over safely; then, all naked,
Made mud balls, charging on the Filipinos,
Smashing their faces with the mud and crying:

“Rock chalk,
Jay hawk,
K. U.”

It was a battle cry ne'er heard before,
It was a new attack with novel weapons,
And ere the troops could land the natives fled,
Beat by a dozen men and this war cry,
And leaving much accouterment as spoil.
The Kansas yell had rung around the world.

KANSAS LITERATURE.

Even in literary matters Kansas
Came four times with the bizarre and flaring,
And each time gave the world a style distinct.

When Beadle's works were put out for a dime
'Twas the first literature for the real boy
That ever had been printed, at a price
That set the fashion for all later books
Of cheap makeup. It was not everything
That might be wished, but clearly marked an
epoch.

Old Sleuth, and Alger writing after death,
The aeroplane and motor boat boys, the boy
scout

Series, and special sport series, are the offspring
Of this old woolly Kansas literature.

Then, a Topeka preacher, Charles M. Sheldon,
Read from his pulpit in installments, stories
That, after printed, set the world to talking.
Preachers in every section of the country
Discoursed on what would happen if Christ
came

To their community. Many books appeared

With the same theme. Th' world was asked to
say
What might result if Christ should reach Chi-
cago,
Washington and even London. Sheldon was
given charge
For one week of a daily to be run
As Christ might run it. All sorts of business
Announced that henceforth they would be con-
ducted
As Christ would do it. All too serious,
They did not see the humor of the thing,
And acted out their parts as solemnly
As did the ancient Pilgrims. The fad died out,
But it will be revived some other day,
And that strange period be cultivated
As a rich literary field.

It was in Kansas
That public documents were turned into
Readable literature. That which had been dull,
Under the touch of Coburn, a real Kansan,
Sparkled with paragraphs, and with cartoons
Bit like horse radish. This set a style
That has extended till it justifies
The public pamphlets issued at expense
Of those who toil. The end of it is still
Far in the future. Who knows but it may

Make the *Congressional Record* readable?
Last, after struggling hard, Walt Mason came,
Writing each day for many years, a verse
Put into type like prose. It struck the fancy
Of the American people. Syndicated,
It made your Uncle Walt known everywhere,
And many imitators followed after.
It had become a type. With slangy wit
And platitudinous philosophy,
It stands alone and places Kansas next
To Indiana, and Walt Mason by
Abe Martin and Mr. Dooley.

While

Kansas has not produced a literature
Distinctively Kansan and of striking merit,
Still it has won along spectacular lines,
Being theatrical in all it does.



THAT LETTER FROM HOME.

(*Drawing by Miss Atlanta Phifer, deceased.*)

That letter from home, from the Kansas home,
To Coed. or Undergrad.

Scaling Mount Oread,

Or weary of boning over dry-as-dust tome,

Is like a rippling bird

In the early morning heard,

Saying, Sweet, sweet, sweet,

From the field or the street—

That letter, that letter from home.

That letter from home, from the Kansas home,

To the youth in the busy mart,

How it touches the heart!

How it brings back the soul, however it may
roam,

To the simple and true,

Like the flowers and blue!

How it strengthens those afar!

To the wise 'tis like a star

Leading to the Home, to the Home.

That letter sent home, to the Kansas home,

How it makes the flowers bloom

From the winter of the tomb,

Beauty and life arising from the loam!
These are not merely words;
They are living, they are birds,
And they sing in the soul
Till the clouds backward roll—
That letter sent home, sent home.

KANSAS CAN.

Kansas can. Of course she **can**.
Listen, man!
There is nothing under Heaven
To be done, if she would do it,
But she can.

Kansas can, you know she **can**.
If she plan,
No disaster can discourage,
And the world will come to help her—
Kansas can.

KANSAS SAYS, COME.

Kansas says, Come.

She said it long ago through Rumor's tongue;
DeSoto heard and left the land of flowers
To seek the golden cities; but she sung
In siren tone to rob him of his powers.
In Mexico old Coronado heard,
And through the desert pressed by unknown
traces,
To find the billowy bisons on the sward
And strange red peoples in the desert places,
When Kansas said, Come.

Kansas said, Come.

The Indians from the east fled to her arms;
The Puritan and Cavalier next came;
The world went mad at her seductive charms,
And through the south there ran a flood of
flame.
Again the lure of Kansas like a song
Ran through the world; and nations, white
wings wide,
Rushed to the west in a crusading throng,
Their campfires twinkling by the highway-
side,
When Kansas said, Come.

Kansas said, Come.

Not Go, but Come. She led her warriors forth
To fight the battles of old Progress; she
Set up a standard for the entire earth,

And raised the battle cry, Ye shall be free!
Again, and once again, the cry came, Come!

Undaunted when she led, the people pressed
To loftier things, and Error was struck dumb,

As "upward to the stars" flamed in the west

When Kansas said, Come.

When Kansas says, Come,
If the world hears and follows at her call,
What of her children, though they dwell afar?
Sure, they cannot resist. They hurry all,

Like the old magi following the star.

Come—for the heroism of our sires!

Come—for the glory we may help to bring!
Let high Tradition kindle still her fires,

And let the heart of every Kansan sing

When Kansas says, Come!

THE KANSAS TYPE.

Some sections of our land
Have types distinct, that stand
Clear to the eye when named,
Oft pictured and far famed.
The Southern Gentleman,
The Yankee quaint and keen,
The stolid Indian,
And the Hoosier green.

The Kansan looms out clear
In the state's atmosphere,
Yet with a form, a face
That changes as you gaze.
Now he may appear
As Cowboy or Scout,
Now a sturdy Pioneer,
With Indians all about.

Miner or Farmer now,
Poising a pick or plow,
The Kansan stands, or even
A self-reliant Woman.
But of whatever form,
The spirit is the same,
Serene amid the storm
That rages, always game.

It is as if a throng
Declared some shameful thing,
And the Kansan, strong
As a mediaeval king,
While others jeered and scoffed,
And laughed with, "Ho, ho, ho,"
Stood patiently aloft,
Vociferating—"No!"

No! And the throng went wild,
Drowning all after word;
And, as he calmly smiled,
Waiting to be heard,
The Kansan stood until
The shouting turned to low
Murmur, and then still
Bravely insisted—"No!"

No! The mob now raged,
With club and stone in hand,
Like a sea unassuaged
Beating upon the land.
Serene amid the storm,
Daring the threatened blow,
Was seen the Kansan's form,
As still he thundered—"No!"

Calm grows the raging sea,
And in the lull a voice
Says, "Tell us why;" and he
Pleads simply, in the choice
Words of conviction deep;
And as he ends, the still
Oceans of people leap
To do the Kansan's will.

ROMANCE OF THE RAINMAKER.

Was the Rainmaker,
Who shot and broke the cloud
Until the rain descended,
A scientist or faker?
At least he got the crowd
And notices extended.

After one intonation
The rain came pouring down,
And Melbourne claimed the credit.
There was a celebration,
And great grew his renown,
And Kansas spread it.

They stormed the sky all summer,
And on one occasion
Instead of rain came snow,
Which set each jokesmith plumber
Repairing air pipes with phrasin'
Outre and apropos.

They capitalized the venture,
And with a corporation
Sold stock in making rain;
But, without bias or censure,
I'll say appeal to the nation
Appeared to be in vain.

The explosion had exploded,
The rain fell in descending,
And breath was lost in laughter;
But at least the thing was loaded,
And the drama rather rending,
With a great memory after.

THE KANSAS COMMANDMENT.

A motto great
And full of fate
Did Kansas give mankind—
Not platitude,
Or theory good,
Or fabric of the mind.

But Diviner fire,
Blazing higher,
Fateful far and nigh;
And the evangel
Like an angel
Flew far with, Swat the fly!

Men grasped the swatter,
Just as they ort ter,
And, striking here and there,
Won in a war
More glorious far
Than conqueror had e'er.

The god of flies
(Father of lies)
Before world army, led

With strut and stalk
By the Jay Hawk,
In consternation fled.

The gentle patter
Of the swatter
Seemed to reshape the earth,
Till the fastest breeding
And foulest feeding
Race died, before its birth.

To the ten
Commandments men
At Kansas' bidding tie
Another that
Is sure what swat,
And that is, Swat the fly.

KANSAS CITIES.

"Kansas has no mighty city,"
Said the Easterner, "a pity."

Said the Kansan: "When men build
Always it is on the field.

"Since we'd farm our prairies wide
We have cities built—outside.

"Kansas City is our own,
On the Kansas cornfields grown.

"Foundations of Chicago rest
On the longhorns of the west.

"The skyscrapers by Wall street
Rest for base on Kansas wheat.

"Our boulevards of grain are wide,
With buildings tall to either side.

"And every furrow is a street;
These Broadways of the corn and wheat."

Said the Gothamite: "That's true;
We're are the plowmen farming you.

"The locomotive is our plow,
Nosing furrows the country through.

" We reap your fields; for the freight car
That follows is our harvester."

THE KANSAS THANKSGIVING HYMN.*

From Oread's classic shade

The Jayhawk comes, unwhipped and unafraid.

Hear him squawk,

Jayhawk, Jayhawk!

With pigskin in his beak,

He longs to give the Tiger's tail a tweak.

Each talon like a bowie,

He soars majestically till—Swoop, and zowie—

Won't he holler, won't he cry,

When we black that Tiger's eye?

In the shirttail parade

We'll give our thanks to such as give us aid.

We'll boost the champion upon our shoulder

Before old Saber Tooth is one day older.

Three cheers and a Tiger.—

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The poor beast will be bruised as black as niger

And black to the Niger he'll go.

Ho, ho, ho!

That's the Tiger. Now, altogether:

Rock chalk, Jayhawk,

Rock chalk, Jayhawk,

Rock chalk, Jayhawk,

K. U.

*Recitative, except the italicized yells, which are in full chorus.

CULTIVATING THE SOIL IN KANSAS.

While swinging along in a train
 (Thump!)
Through Kansas, you see on the plain
 (Bump, bump!)
Perhaps in a field by a lake
 (Chug!)
Or in a draw or a brake
 (Glug, glug!)
Bars that rise slow from the ground
 And drop,
With no engine near to indicate where
The power to run them is found,
 Or the power to stop.
You ask what they are, and are told,
 With a grin,
'Tis a farmer pumping his gold
 In his bin.
It comes from the earth in the form of crude oil,
 Day and night.
He cultivates soil without any toil.
 "He may be all right,
But his methods are slow"—if your thought
 Should be this,
Reflect that the farmer's auto is not
 Slow as your train is.

THE WIND WAGON OF THE KAW.

Of Henry Sager here's a tale I would regale you
with,

How near he came to gaining fame and name as
great as Smith.

A smith he was in days of old beneath a burr
oak tree

That cast its shadow on the ground where now is
cast K. C.

One Sunday in the month of May he togged him
in his best,

And mounted Bones (part of the name, with
Bonaparte the rest)

To ride across the Larger Blue and ford the
shining Kaw

To see if there was timber which for wagons he
might saw.

He saw the forest all abloom and heard the
whistling quails,

He sang while jogging up the bluffs and down
the shady dales;

But he saw not the city that ere long should
'rise around,

Else he had purchased with his song a parcel of
the ground.

His heart was free, so merrily he splashed Bones
through the ford,
And cantered blythely on, with song whistled
and hummed and roared,
Past rugged hills and giant trees where soon
the town should be,
To treeless Kansas, where the grass tossed like
a great green sea.
The fresh wind blew, and freshly too, lifted
his hat on high,
As if to say
A lid won't stay
Put on in Kansas, where the breezes are so fly.
Hoping, rejoicing, sorrowing, this smith pur-
sued his hat,
Dashing awhile to this side, careening then to
that.
Too closely occupied was he to see if mountains
came in view
On the other side of Kansas where he seemed
racing to,
Until at last the hat was cast in a stream and
Sager saw
It had described a circle wide and landed in
the Kaw.

He saw, but nothing said:
There was something in his head

More wild than Kansas breezes, more weighty
than his tile,
Something to lift and blow his fame through
many a league and mile:
For since the falling apple gave Newton such
a hunch
Old Sager's hat did more than that, it brought
thoughts in a bunch.

Then home rode Henry Sager, seeing not stream
nor tree,
Nor roaring town nor station new (in ages yet to
be):
But prairie seas on which the breeze blew many
a curious craft,
Of prairie schooners, sailing on, without a
tongue or shaft,
Without a horse or even a chug, blown blythely
by the breeze,
With no one greater than the navigator and
tamer of these seas.

Arrived at home he sought his shop and locked
it good and tight,
And screened the windows, and worked on till
far into the night;

And all week long he toiled alone, behind a
lock and key,

And stuffed the cracks of the old shop until
no one could see;

And when he ventured to the store he wouldn't
hardly speak—

And so the little burg was all excited in the
week.

At many informal gatherings about the village
store

His "projeck" was discussed and cussed and
handled o'er and o'er.

Some vowed that he warn't actin' squar in
keepin' it so clost.

One thought he sought the devil's aid, or like
as not, a ghost.

One, more generously inclined,
With an optimistic mind,

Thought Henry Sager was a bigger man than any
one suspected,

And some day all would honor him whom long
they had neglected.

Meanwhile, the man toiled stolidly, with pulleys,
poles and things,

And cloth enough to make a tent, and rods and
nails and strings;

And a triumphant twinkle in the corner of his
eye
And growing smile upon his face proclaimed his
victory.

It was a Sunday morning in the early days of
June
When Henry Sager, swelling bigger, arose while
yet the moon
Vied with the coming sun to light the kindled
east,
And, hurrying, threw wide his shop, toggled in his
very best.
Four of the leading citizens, with wealth at their
command,
As though by invitation, were presently on hand,
And all the early risers with their children sought
the shop,
And standing at a distance watched the others
hitching up.
Old Sager's best spring wagon had some wheels
and trappings on;
It was loaded up with cloth and poles, with
several "dudads" gone.
Old "Bones" was hitched beside a bay. The
capitalists got in,
One chewing cinnamon bark, another wagging
of his chin

On more substantial home-grown twist, and all
with boots well oiled,
Coats off, and collars open, lest by sweat they
should be soiled.
“Huddup!” cried Henry Sager, and they started
down the road,
While gathered neighbors whooped and howled
to “let that they knowed.”
Then came a consultation, and soon the town
was stirred,
A common impulse moving all from just a com-
mon word.
With gig and rig and nag and leg the town was
on the move,
Following the track of Sager’s hack through lane
and ford and grove,
Through Little Blue and far into the forest and
beyond
Where Kansas grass blown up in waves seemed
like Atlantic’s pond.
By bend and turn, up hill and down, they fol-
lowed Sager’s track,
Afoot, on horseback, every way—in wagon,
buggy, hack;
And, after journeying many miles, their med-
dling was rewarded,
For on the prairie stood a——thing, strangest
man e’er regarded.

It had wheels like a wagon, but no tongue or
shaft was seen;
Masts and sails it had, also. The undulating
green
Looked like a sea; and yet, the horses browsed
about
Just knee-deep in the wave, and the boat stood
clear without.

Sager sat on the seat in front, working the helm
from there,
Adjusting ropes, and shifting sails, and trimming
to the air.
The others, on the seats behind, watched him
with scrupulous care.
The wheeled craft would not move a peg, and all
the people laughed;
The capitalists looked sheepish from their
perches on the craft;
Till suddenly a puff of wind filled sails, and lo!
she started!
The people watched as though abused, hats
lowered and lips parted.
One, on a mule, took after them, encouraged
with a cheer,
Till he, outclassed, gave up the race, a half mile
in the rear.

Exulting Henry Sager, having proven it would go,
Tried all his tricks; he ran it fast; with brakes
he made it slow.

Turning a wheel,
Or shifting a sail,
He veered to this side, then to that, he circled
left and right,
He set full sail against the wind and skimmed
as if in flight.
It was a triumph, a success, and Sager thrilled
with pride,
And, counting up his fortune with which he felt
supplied,
With pity for their weaknesses, his neighbors still
he eyed.

The capitalists were more than pleased. They
had begun to plan
How best to organize to get the profits from the
man,
When something disconcerting came, as anyone
could see.
Because the Wagon of the Wind was racing
furiously;
'Twas running wild and uncontrolled before the
rising wind.
The capitalists arose in fright and tumbled off
behind,

And though they all turned summersets, their
dignity alone
Was all that suffered: it survived, although
'twas overthrown.
But Henry Sager stuck it out. He got his craft
in hand
Enough to make it circle wide through stretch of
level land,
And as at stated periods through his neighbors'
camp he went,
He couldn't help but grimly smile to note the
scatterment.
But still he feared, with reason, for Nemesis, in
the shape
Of a huge ox wagon, loomed before, the driver
like an ape
Grinning and keeping in the way, on evil mischief
bent.
The shock inevitable came. The light spring
wagon went
Square on the massive trucks before, splintering
gear and spoke,
And rearing backward on the masts, which
crashed and bent and broke,
Sager crawled forth from 'neath the mass,
chagrined and mad as well,
Only his feelings hurt, only hope crushed like a
shell,

To see the gaunt backwoodsman, with a grin
upon his face

Extending his tobacco with a friendly-like
grimace.

"I thought I'd holp you stop," he said, "seein'
you'd lost your grip.

The Kansas wind's a wonder, but oncertain;
that's my tip;

And while wind's ruther movin' it is onreliabel;
But we're much obleeged to you; you've amused
us quite a spell."

The crowd meandered back to a town and Sager
stole behind,

But although he was dejected

His failure was respected,

And seldom did a man refer to his Wagon of the
Wind.

DRAMA OF THE WHEAT.

One of the world's romances
Was harvesting in Kansas.

A great drama was "put on" in Kansas every summer for many years. New York capitalists, seeing that Kansas had the world's attention, proceeded to exploit the actors in a little skit of their own. It began when city newspapers all over America printed feature stories of the bumper wheat crop that Kansas was pregnant with. Through pictures, diagrams, statistics and flamboyant declaration it was made to appear that "bleeding Kansas" was about to be inundated with a flood of golden grain—that prices would be smashed because of the phenomenal yield—and that unless harvesters thronged to the state the best part of the crop would shatter from over-ripeness and be lost. The farmer knew it meant a scheme to force down prices, but since he saw also a chance to get his labor done at cut rates, he winked, and wondered at the simplicity of the "city feller" who thought to take in the hayseed with such a proposition. In reality it was his cue, showing him what to do, and he promptly made entry in the farce.

The first effect of the advertising of the bumper crop was to bring in farm hands from all adjoining states. Young fellows, seeking adventure, rode the cushion to the fields. Unfortunates out of work and unused to the country, took the blind baggage for Kansas. There were more than could be used. When, therefore, the farmers offered half the wages the papers declared would prevail, many were too hard-up to refuse. They who did decline to work were arrested as vagrants, and had their choice of calaboose or working out fines, paid by some farmer who wanted help, at half the proper figure. And the city papers flagellated those who would not work as worthless and un-American. It was the speculator's jolly for the farmer.

The harvest itself was a romance, full of poetic pictures. The binders clicking through the oceans of wheat; the shocks standing thick amid the stubble; sometimes the hauling of the sheaves direct to the thresher, where the grain poured from one spout, while from another shot a stream of straw; the long tables at meal time, filled with hungry, shirt-sleeved men, gobbling yellow-legged chicken and all accessories with prodigious appetites; the sleeping bunks, perhaps in the orchard, under the stars, or in the

rows of tents by the white, dusty road; the call from slumber while the birds were singing and early dawn was streaking with grey the sky. The work was gulped as the food was, and when, by drudging incessantly, the harvest had been saved, many a city worker limped stiffly to the station, glad to ride the rods back to brick pavements and the eight hour day, while the farmer once more resumed his church going on Sunday.

Then there were wagons in the road, hauling the wheat to town. Always there were many who had to sell at once. The price was low, because the crop was so abnormally large, they were told. The city speculator was getting in his work. It was for this that the farce had been staged and reports of the great crop sent out. Invariably, after the bulk of the wheat was out of the hands of the farmers, it was discovered that the crop had been overestimated, and that the price of flour must of necessity be raised.

This was the drama that was staged year after year in Kansas. It is presumed the speculators chuckled at their "gags." But there came a change, a closing act. Those wild workers who had no homes, and who went over the country clicking their wooden shoes and singing—

Oh, why don't you work,
 Like other men do?
 How in the hell can I work
 When there's no work to do?
 Hallelujah, I'm a bum, bum,
 Hallelujah, bum again;
 Hallelujah, give us a handout
 To revive us again"—

these audacious, provoking, yet picturesque disturbers, who imitated the whine of the Salvation Army as they swung their arms and howled:

"Work and pay, live on hay,
 There'll be pie in the sky when you die"—

they heard of the farce and decided to butt in. It was their nature and philosophy to butt in. They came at harvest time from everywhere. They seized railroad trains and made the crews pull them for nothing. They went to the village authorities and told them that if they were not cared for they would all go to jail and compel care. They went to the farmer and accepted the wages offered. Then they shuffled and stumbled and soldiered. Sometimes a wrench would be dropped in a reaper, necessitating delays for repairs. In the meantime, the idle army had been moved on—at the expense of the village—and wheat was spoiling for cutting. When the farmer was in despair, the spokesman of the

wild men would explain all, propose good work for good wages and get the raise he demanded. Then they were efficient. Then there was no more stumbling and soldiering.

But the farmer had been learning. He built him granaries and held his wheat. When he was too poor to do it alone, he joined with others in building cooperative elevators. He constructed silos and fed his corn. He sold his stock and wheat at prices which enabled him to buy automobiles—more than could be found in any other agricultural state. He did not wear wooden shoes—nor long hair, nor billy goat whiskers, nor any of the other nonsensical paraphernalia that has-been playwrights and cartoonists still provide for Reuben—but he had successfully put spokes in the wheels of the big machine of Wall street. The curtain was rung down to slow music, with the Kansas farmer, with his thumb to his nose, wriggling his fingers. After the curtain fell you might hear the farmer's daughter playing Lohengrin or the latest rag on the new Baby Grand.

THE AUTOMOBILE RAILROAD.

Kansans have contributed more money for railroads that they did not own than any people on earth. But when their spunk was aroused they have shown themselves able to compete in wit with the Beast of iron and gall.

A spur of eight miles from Westmoreland to Blaine suffered from a washout, and the company owning it, having found it unprofitable, refused to make repairs. Kansans are in the habit of helping the unfortunate; the citizens of Westmoreland, feeling that the company had been unfortunate, wished to show the right spirit. They gathered on an appointed day, with teams, shovels and scrapers, and proceeded to repair the washout, having the picnic dinner usual on such occasions.

Then they sent a delegation to officials of the company to report the neighborly act and tell them the road was again ready for operation. The officials asked them what right they had to meddle with other people's property and refused to move a wheel. When the reply was taken to the gathering in the town hall, the people were peeved. They had a right to be. They determined to help themselves.

This is what they did: They brought suit against the railroad company for wages in repairing the washout, and from a friendly court obtained judgment. When demands for payment were ignored, the sheriff advertised a sale of the spur to meet the judgment. In due time it was sold, and, with but one bidder, a man selected to manage the road for the people, it went cheap enough. It is said that after the purchase the entire debt was forgiven, so that the people really got the railroad for a day's labor all around.

Apparently the railroad company cared but little. They had made no money from the spur, and the official smiled as they thought of the cost of rolling stock needed to operate the road. Even yet they did not understand the resources of Kansans—something very much greater than even the resources of Kansas. The new manager of the railroad secured an automobile with flanged wheels to fit the track, and a few discarded street cars. The road had cost nothing and the equipment cost but little. Here was an independent railroad that had been put in shape and equipped for service absolutely without stock jobbery. It was a new thing in railroading.

The train made several trips each day, with

mixed passengers and freight cars, and ran without smoke or dirt. The roundhouse was a garage. The power plant consisted of a gasoline tank. The locomotive guided itself, and the chauffeur was enabled to serve as engineer, fireman, brakeman and conductor at one time. It cost little to run the road. It paid expenses and accommodated the people, and that was all that was desired.

Odd? Yes. Humorous? Very. A drama in itself? Of course. Kansans can do more such things than any playwright or promoter that ever lived.

EDEN IN KANSAS.

Kansas has her sideshows. Naturally, the Garden of Eden is one of them. None but a Kansan would have thought of it. The old garden has been so long overrun with weeds, and man has so long been banished from its precincts, that it is not up-to-the-minute in any way. But the Eden in Kansas is of modern architecture and permanent, made, not indeed

of the abiding granite, but of more modern material, cement.

'Tis found in Lucas, Kansas. The new creator of Eden, worked on it for years. Though he may think he did a better job than the original, which did not give entire satisfaction, yet he modestly and reverently will admit that he had advantages, both in finding material to his hand, and also in knowing of the latest building stuff. His house is erected of great cement logs, laid into a two-story cabin, with cement roof. The fence, the trees, are cement. Eve, in cement, hands over the approach to the house an apple, neither of ashes nor of gold, but of cement, to her hard-headed husband, while a great stone serpent twines in a monumental tree, watching with stony stare the two old sinners.

In a sapless but undying tree, the devil, with long tail, poises his trident—all cement. Hard by, Cain and Abel make their sacrifices, one a sheep and the other a pumpkin—all grim statuary. The young wives stand on a stone limb, yet without prehensile feet, while back of them two storks are suggestively perched—all sand and gravel.

At night electric lights illuminate the show. The devil glitters and the serpent shines, while Adam and Eve and their earliest offspring stand

naked in the spotlight, as coolly as September Morns, and all look as weird and impossible as Dante's visions of Inferno.

But it is Eden. The fact that it is in Kansas gives credence to the assumption that it is accurate. Milton made a drama of Eden, but it was reserved for Kansas to render it permanent in concrete—a side show more moving than Madam Jarley's wax works were, a wonder for the world, a monument to our mutual relations, who made miserable sinners out of all of us.

THE WOMEN'S CLUBS.

The Woman's Club is Kansas' Ladies Aid. Wherever there is anything to do for civic betterment—new books to buy for public library, a walk to build out to the cemetery, a drinking fountain to place before the public square, a course of lectures to promote—the women's clubs take hold and do the necessary work. Just as the church is kept up by the women, so half the Kansas towns are saved by women. Hundreds of communities bless them for helping

in the "glad game" of improving, not only individual and social life, but also physical conditions. Women of Kansas have the independent spirit, and do things in the big, original way that fit in with the history of the state.

When women were given the ballot, they received it as a sacred trust. A manual of nation, state, county, municipal and the school systems was prepared, and women in clubs began a systematic study of politics. In a summer they acquired a better understanding of the forms of government than most of the men had, so immediately their ballots were respected. The polls were made clean, and the world was shown that they were competent, yet womanly, and fully able to impress themselves upon the civic life.

It was private theatricals, put on in intervals of household duties, for public good—not as spectacular as some things Kansas did, yet still a drama, watched by the people of the entire world, and calculated to hold influence longer than many showier struggles.

A KANSAS MEETING.

The average Kansas town of an early day was a show within itself. It was doubly true of Wichita. At the outposts of the wild burg there were placed big signs that read:

"In Wichita everything goes.
Leave your revolvers
at Police Headquarters
and get a check."

Although there was legally no free delivery of mail, the postmaster was wont to carry letters to patrons in his beegum hat, thus anticipating the required services of the government by many years. Religious work was carried on under primitive conditions. The first "big" meeting was at Durfree's ranch, adjoining Wichita. A large crowd gathered, but there was not a song book to be had. The preacher tried and tried for hymns that the audience could sing, and finally led in the only thing that everybody knew:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

Later on they built an adobe church, with dirt roof. Light was admitted through two holes that were cut out high on the walls. Through the summer the roof of the church was gorgeous with the sunflowers and prairie blossoms that the wind planted there. To the cowboy on the plain they waved an invitation to attend the exercises, serving fully as well as a bell would have done.

We smile at the picture, but it was certainly one of the liveliest churches in America—literally alive.

THE SEALED STORE.

Fort Wallace boomed when first it got a railroad. The old time liquor dealer branched into other lines. His enterprise grew into a general store, and finally into several rooms in which there was kept \$20,000 worth of goods. The profits of the business were enormous. The French trader, named Rubideaux, used a beer keg for his till, tossing the money into the open mouth in full view of all; yet he was never robbed. When the keg was full, he headed it

up until such a time as he might invest the contents in farm lands, and set out another keg to serve as depository of his cash. Rubideaux became one of the largest land owners in the neighborhood.

Then the boom collapsed as suddenly as it had come. The storekeeper regarded it as a personal affront. He sat in the store where only a short time before he had been busy long hours every day, doing nothing; and the longer he sat the less he sold. It made him mad, and he locked the doors on his \$20,000 stock of mixed goods, swearing he would never open the doors until the boom returned. A few stragglers begged him to sell them things they needed, but he was obdurate. He was rich enough to live from the proceeds of his land, and nothing could prevail on him to sell so much as a penny's worth. In vain it was urged on him that the large stock was depreciating in value, if not entirely spoiling; he would get revenge on the boom that had left him, by refusing to coax it back until it was ready to return. The sealed store became a Kansas landmark, pointed to by every passerby.

Twenty years elapsed. Then came an exceptionally bitter winter. The snow lay for weeks upon all things. It was impossible for the cattle

to get any roughness on the wild, and Rubideaux had not raised enough corn to feed them. He bethought him of the hay and corn which once lay in the buildings that had so long been closed to human eyes. The rotted doors were forced open; the shelves, laden with tatters of a former stock and articles of consumption that had moulded and dry-rotted, were passed in the dim light coming from thick-coated windows; and in the warehouse behind, Rubideaux came upon hay and corn and chop, moulded on the surface, but underneath dry and wholesome. This was brought to the light of day, and saved the starving cattle, not only his own, but the stock of many of his neighbors. The boom had not returned, but need had softened the resolution of the old time merchant.

What a story from life this would make for some romancer of the golden west!



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